

on
SIDELIGHTS
BRETHREN
HISTORY

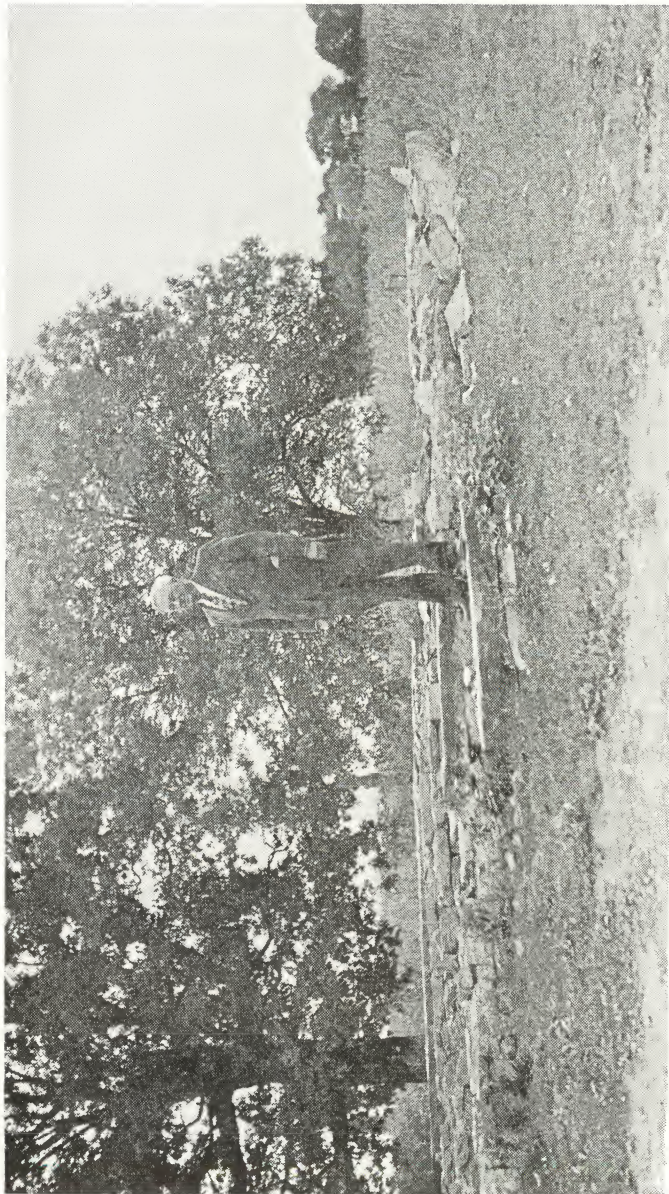


freeman ankrum





SIDELIGHTS
on
BRETHREN
HISTORY



The Author on the Steps of the "Little Dunkard Church" on the
Antietam Battlefield, Near Sharpsburg, Maryland

on
SIDELIGHTS
BRETHREN
HISTORY

freeman ankrum

Book Design by Paul Dailey

THE BRETHREN PRESS
Elgin, Illinois

Copyright 1962

by

THE BRETHREN PRESS

Printed in the United States of America

dedicated

to

those of earlier generations who were so busy
living and meeting the challenges of the day
that they were unaware that they were making
history at the same time



introduction

HISTORICAL BOOKS differ. Some are monographs, dealing with one well-defined field of interest. Some, like college texts, are general surveys. Some are human-interest books. Each of these types offers the reader a particular reward. But the reading of either one alone will not give a balanced concept of history.

This book is designedly of the human-interest type. The stories it relates will supplement and enrich the reader's knowledge gained from his study of the other varieties. No attempt is made herein to tell a connected or complete story of the Brethren. The aim of the author is to provide — as both the title of the book and his prefatory comments imply — some sidelights on the history of these people. It will be noted, however, that there is something of a concentration of events with Civil War settings, in line with the current upsurge of interest in the war; while not approving the war, the Brethren were inseparably involved in it, as research in connection with the centennial is making more and more clear.

Freeman Ankrum has maintained a long-standing interest in and a love of history, especially that phase of it which lifts up the individuals who have been its principals. With his ancestral roots in the line of Alexander Mack, he naturally has been attracted to the story of the Brethren. A cousin-relationship to Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) through the family of Jenny Lampton Clemens has helped to broaden his historical concern out into other areas.

A native of Ohio and a graduate of Ashland College, the author is an ordained minister in the Brethren Church (Progressive), in which fellowship he has served pastorates in Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. During his forty-eight years in the pastoral ministry he has contributed many historical articles to the *Brethren Evangelist* (the official organ of the Brethren Church), the *Gospel Messenger* and various church-school story papers (Church of the Brethren), and a number of newspapers. He is the author of two previous books: *Alexander Mack the Tunker and His Descendants* and *Maryland and Pennsylvania Historical Sketches*.

It is fitting that once more the Brethren Church and the Church of the Brethren should merge their resources in a common enterprise — the publication of *Sidelights on Brethren History*. This book is commended to readers in all the branches of the Brethren fellowship, and to non-Brethren readers as well, as an attempt to uphold that essential unity and that common purpose of the Church of Jesus Christ exemplified in the Brethren groups under consideration. It is hoped that the spirit of brotherhood and cordiality existing between those concerned with the production of this volume may increasingly characterize the communions which they represent and serve.

— Ora W. Garber

Elgin, Illinois
October 20, 1961

preface

OVER A PERIOD of ten years during which the author was the historical editor of the *Brethren Evangelist*, the official organ of the Brethren Church (Progressive), approximately one hundred articles concerning the Brethren were written by him for publication in that periodical. These articles having been well received, the author was encouraged to make further use of the materials in them. From them were chosen the ones which have been rewritten and adapted for inclusion in this volume. It is regretted that many of the readers of the *Evangelist* who wrote the author their appreciation of the articles cannot read them as they now appear, being no longer with us.

One of the richest experiences of the writer, a seventh-generation lineal descendant of Alexander Mack through his mother, who was Lucinda Mack Ankrum, was that of being present at Schwarzenau, Germany, on August 6, 1958, when two hundred fifty years of the existence of the Brethren were celebrated, and of sharing in the Convocation program. That experience deepened still further his interest in and his devotion to the history of the Brethren.

Limited space prevents personal recognition of many of the people who have been encouraging and helpful to the author. Over the years, countless numbers have been interviewed and have freely shared their recollections. Others have gladly loaned him letters and other written materials. Special appreciation is extended to Fred Vanator, a former

editor of the *Brethren Evangelist*, in whose term of editorial service the writing of the articles was begun; also to the present editor, W. S. Benshoff, who has been most helpful and has given constant encouragement. The Brethren Publishing Company, of Ashland, Ohio, the publisher of the *Evangelist*, has our sincere thanks for giving permission to use these materials in their present form. We have received much valuable help from the late Joseph Cover of Modesto, California, and from John M. Kimmel of Brookville, Ohio, author of *Chronicles of the Brethren*; these men represent the Old German Baptist Church. We desire to include also the name of Ora W. Garber, book editor of the Church of the Brethren, without whose constructive work and criticism these sketches would not appear in this form.

Most of the historical incidents recorded here occurred before 1881-1882. Inasmuch as various names are used in our historical writings and in our conversations to designate the different churches which look back to Alexander Mack as their organizer, with very few exceptions we have used simply the name *Brethren* for all of them.

The reader will readily recognize that this volume is not an attempt to write the history of the Brethren fellowship, but, rather, to focus some sidelights on that history.

—Freeman Ankrum

Smithsburg, Maryland
January 10, 1962

contents

Alexander Mack, Jr., the Traveler	15
A Light in the Wilderness	21
The Brethren Are Still There	27
The Snow Hill Nunnery	35
Snow Hill Lights and Shadows	44
The Walking Doctor	51
Pioneer of East Conococheague	58
A Layman of Distinction	65
The Influence of a Pamphlet	72
The Bishop of the Monocacy	78
Troubles Over Slavery	91
Antietam Incidents	99
David Long: Civil War Preacher	109
John Lewis and the Antietam Bible	117

Ann Rowland: a Valorous Woman	123
An Old Bible Speaks	129
Abraham Lincoln	138
Some Annual Conferences Before the Civil War	145
Some Annual Conferences Since the Civil War	155
Boyhood Days of a Pioneer	161
A Musician's Contribution	168

alexander mack, jr., the traveler

STUDENTS OF BRETHERN HISTORY are well aware that our Brethren forefathers were possessed of "itching feet" — not because of a desire to see what was over the next hill, mountain, or sea, but because of an urge to propagate their beliefs. Driven from province to province in Germany, they were seeking for a haven of rest and peace where they could worship God according to their consciences. Unable to find it in the Fatherland, they came to the New World. This chapter is not to deal with their travels before reaching this country, but with some of the little-publicized travels of Alexander Mack, Jr., the son of the leading spirit of the original group of eight in Schwarzenau. Most readers, probably thinking of him as having been located and stabilized in the Germantown, Pennsylvania, community, may be somewhat surprised to know that he traveled much more than is generally recognized.

Following the death of Alexander Mack, Sr., at Germantown in 1735, the son was very much unsettled and depressed. These were days when he was struggling to find an even keel for his spiritual ship. In fact, he came to the conclusion that his life was soon to end and made plans accordingly. Little did he realize that God had a work for him to do and would preserve his life beyond the average number of years.

Feeling that perhaps help might come to him more readily far from the scenes of his great grief, young Alexander went into the wilderness, finally stopping at Conrad Beissel's

settlement, the Cloisters, at Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Here were the Eckerlins. Here also was a leader who seemed to find it almost impossible to live in harmony with many of the inhabitants of the wilderness community. None of them seemed to know that they could not run away from their fellow men without taking their own strengths, weaknesses, and memories along with them.

When the Brethren people started to scatter they did not remain near Germantown, or even at Ephrata, but forced their way on farther into the wilderness. Therefore, when the two Eckerlin brothers and Alexander Mack decided to go farther westward, others had, to a certain extent, blazed the trail before them.

We are told that the first Brethren woman to make her home permanently in the western part of Virginia, now West Virginia, was Elizabeth Bussard Oberholtzer. She and her husband were redemptioners, having been sold to pay their passage from their native Germany to the new land of opportunity. However, on the way across, her husband and her son died and were buried at sea. She spent three years of servitude working for a man who lived near the present village of Moorefield, on the South Branch of the Potomac. Here she was living when the Eckerlins and Alexander Mack traveled far from the safety of the Germantown and Ephrata settlements.

It was in 1725, four years before the Macks came over, that the widow of Michael Eckerlin came to Germantown with her four sons, Israel, Samuel, Immanuel, and Gabriel. Later on the four sons became prominent in the Ephrata community, having moved to that place in 1732. There they assumed names such as were fitting for life in a monastery — Brothers Onesimus, Jephune, Jotham, and Elimelech. Gabriel, the first prior of the Cloisters, was succeeded in 1740 by his brother Israel. Israel was a genius along numerous lines. Under his management the colony of spiritual dreamers became a colony

of earthly and practical toilers. Mills were built, fruit trees were planted, and the place was made self-supporting and really livable. Israel was so well liked that Beissel, the founder, became increasingly jealous of him. It was decreed that for the sake of bringing peace to the community Israel would leave for a while. This he did. While he was gone, Beissel destroyed everything that Israel had done, even burning the hymns he had written and destroying the much-needed



Terrain Representative of That Through Which Mack Traveled

sawmill he had constructed. With the return of Israel, the controversy waxed hotter and hotter. In the meantime, Alexander Mack had come to the Cloisters. Certainly there must have been keen disappointment when he discovered that whereas he had come from Germantown to find peace of heart and soul he had walked into a situation of jealousy and controversy.

Israel and Samuel Eckerlin, Alexander Mack, and Peter Miller agreed that if they were not at Ephrata the troubles might quiet down. So they left in 1744 on a journey into the northeastern colonies, preaching as they traveled. Upon their return from their self-enforced preaching journey they found that the situation had not become any better.

Three of the four — the Eckerlin brothers and Mack — decided to leave again, but to go in another direction this time. One writer tells us that they “moved into the wilderness about four hundred miles toward the setting of the sun.”¹ The trails in those days toward the south followed the rivers as much as possible. Along the Susquehanna were numerous Indian paths, and we may logically assume that the men traveled southward along this river, finally following the valley into Maryland. Since there were settlers in the area that is now Carroll and Frederick counties, and along the Antietam south of Waynesboro, and inasmuch as Alexander’s brother John had come to the Waynesboro area, there is reason to feel that this was their route “toward the setting of the sun.” We know that they stopped at Strasburg, then called the Funk settlement, in Virginia.

Foster Bittinger has written thus concerning their activities: “. . . they bought the farm now owned by Major Newell, opposite the present town of Strasburg. Thence they moved on up the Shenandoah and came to the New River in what is now West Virginia where they founded the settlement called Mahanaim, the precise location of which is unknown. . . . They had nine hundred acres there. There upon the fertile soil was erected a cabin and a settlement started which was the first to leave the Dunkard name in West Virginia. Later Samuel returned to Ephrata and brought Gabriel back with him.”²

¹ Foster M. Bittinger, *A History of the Church of the Brethren in the First District of West Virginia* (Elgin, Illinois: The Brethren Press, 1945), page 23.

² *Ibid.*, pages 23, 24.

For a time the men were busy and happy in the western wilderness; however, the storm clouds of the French and Indian wars were taking shape upon the horizon. There are both uncertainty and mystery connected with the later experiences of the Eckerlins. Others have written their story. Our primary concern here is with Alexander Mack.

Whatever happened to the Eckerlin brothers, we know that the trip made by them and Mack to the South Branch of the Potomac left its spiritual followers. Here churches have been located, and from here the Brethren carried the gospel over into the mountainous western sections of Virginia. Petersburg, Moorefield, and Eglon — all in West Virginia — are just a few congregational names which indicate that the seed sown in those far-off years was good seed.

Just when Alexander Mack left the Eckerlins and traveled back through the South Branch Valley, we do not know. It is likely that he traced his steps back into the Shenandoah Valley, by way of the Funk settlement. From here it would have been only natural that he should follow the trails made by the pioneers on their way into southern Virginia and Tennessee. He, however, was traveling north, down the Valley, according to the flow of the Shenandoah River. Inasmuch as there were few places to spend the night safely outside of the settlements, it is not improbable that Mack may have passed through the settlement of Jonathan Hager, which is now Hagerstown. It would have been on his path as he made his way to the homes of his relatives in Waynesboro. Likely after visiting on the Antietam with relatives and those of like faith, Alexander may have gone to the Ephrata section of Pennsylvania. Traveling slowly along, he must have studied the flowers and the various plants as he meditated and prepared himself on the wilderness trails for the work that he might be able to do when he returned to the Germantown community, where his noted father had ended his travels.

In 1747, a chastened and wiser man, he returned to the

settlement at Germantown. The author has had handed down to him from older members of the family, now deceased, word that when Alexander returned from Ephrata to rejoin his people there was great rejoicing. He came home not as the prodigal son did — in rags — but as one who had gone into the western wilderness and had found himself. He was so humble that he would not put himself forward, but left to his brethren the matter of proving his stand. The reconciliation was hearty, of such a nature that there followed a long life of service rendered to the Brethren in Germantown.

The oldest record of an Annual Meeting is that of the Pipe Creek Meeting held near Union Bridge and Linwood in 1778. The old reports do not so state, but inasmuch as Mack was a much-traveled man, and inasmuch as there were the Urniers who traveled to and from the Germantown settlement, it may be assumed that Mack was present at this historic Annual Meeting.

We can see, in the travels of Alexander Mack, Jr., that God uses the trials, hardships, and disappointments of men for His glory. From the fertile fields in the Germantown community to the wooded valleys of central Pennsylvania, and on into the dangerous unknown frontier country, the Spirit led the young man. Unlike a tree which sheds its leaves in the autumntime of the year, Alexander shed his good deeds in the springtime of his life, along the forest trails in the humble cabins of those who had pushed on westward before him. The fruit which is being reaped today in the territories through which he slowly and prayerfully made his way is a challenge to us also to sow even when the future may appear dark. In his travels into the unknown, which has since then become the known, witnessing for his Christ, is there not a challenge to us to go and do likewise? God is still the guide of the faithful.

a light in the wilderness

TWO HUNDRED YEARS ago there lived in Washington County, Maryland, a young German immigrant named Jacob Bromback. (The pronunciation or the spelling of the name in later years may have been changed to Brumbaugh.) An orphan, he eventually found a home on the creek with the long Indian name, the Conococheague. He married a young lady of the Brethren faith who was said to have been Martin Urner's first convert when he pioneered with the gospel in Carroll County, Maryland. Some time following his marriage he was baptized and united with the church of which his wife was a member. His quiet manner of speech, with its accompanying humility, made this man feel at home with the Brethren. All his life he was a farmer and a lay leader in the church. His farm was one of the show places of those days; it was just a short distance west of Jonathan Hager's new settlement of Elizabethtown, later to be called Hagerstown. Men visited him there to learn of his farming methods. In numerous ways his home became one of the significant outposts on the frontier.

In April 1755, it was necessary for the English government to send forces to the western section of Pennsylvania to attempt to gain control over disputed territory. The English general, Edward Braddock, and his aid, young George Washington of Virginia, were assigned to the task, Braddock commanding the expedition and Washington heading up the Virginia Provincials. They had outfitted a large number of men at Frederick, Maryland, with Benjamin Franklin aiding

them by the supplying of wagons. One of the teamsters was young Daniel Boone, who was later to become a legendary character on the western frontier.

From Frederick they started their march toward the fort on Wills Creek in the narrows in what is now Cumberland, Maryland. They slowly made their way over the heights which now bear the name of Braddock. The beautiful valley, known today as the Middletown Valley, was before them. Beyond this loomed South Mountain, which they crossed near the future site of Boonsboro. Their course from here was southwest over a succession of ridges known as the Devil's Back Bone. The crossing of the Antietam was made near where the old colonial school of Delamere now stands, approximately six miles southeast of the present city of Hagerstown. Part of the army went over the site which later, in 1763, was laid out as Sharpsburg. Marching on from here, some of the soldiers pitched tents near the home of Jacob Bromback on the Conococheague. Both General Braddock and George Washington, it seems from the available records, spent the night in the home of this progressive and successful farmer. Knowing Washington's interest in agriculture, we may believe that his concern in talking with Bromback was more than military.

That night old Fairview Mountain, just to the west of them, looked down upon a scene which had much to do in shaping the destinies of people yet unborn. General Braddock at once recognized his host's more-than-ordinary ability and is said to have offered him a commission in his army. This gave Bromback an opportunity — which he grasped — to explain to his guests the peace principles of the Brethren people. The general still insisted that Bromback accept a commission. After prolonged and serious discussion, they came to a compromise. True to his Brethren principles, Bromback refused to accept the offered commission but agreed to go with the supply train

and care for the sick and the wounded. No one will ever know the full extent of the impression he made on his guests that night, but there is much evidence that the impression was both deep and durable. We might well conjecture, as an added matter of interest, that Daniel Boone, one of whose parents was a member of the Brethren Church, may have shared in these conversations.

On May 1, Jacob Bromback took leave of his family and accompanied the army on its way westward. The men slowly and laboriously chopped trails over the mountains and through the valleys. Today's traveler over the highway known as the Old National Pike or U. S. Highway 40 will be amazed, as he passes in rapid succession the markers indicating Braddock's camps, at the slowness of the army's progress. After much hard work they reached the fort on Wills Creek. On this tedious march Washington, who was plagued with poor health all his life, was ill and spent much of his time riding in a litter. Inasmuch as Bromback had gone along to care for the sick and the wounded, we may assume that he cared for Washington in his time of need.

It is not our intention to give an account of the tragic defeat which befell the troops under Braddock and Washington on their way to Fort Duquesne. Every student of American history is familiar with it.

According to an old tradition, General Braddock was shot by the brother of a colonial soldier whom he had grossly mistreated. Trained in English methods of soldiery, the general failed to understand or appreciate the independent spirit of the American colonists. He was buried in a lonely grave by the side of the trail, Washington reading the burial service, and efforts were made to conceal the grave. Later his body was re-interred at the place now marked by the imposing monument, about eleven miles east of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. We may readily believe that when the burial service was read for the general, among those standing near

by was the newfound friend in whose home Braddock had stayed and whom he had persuaded to come along on this campaign — the Brethren farmer, Jacob Bromback.

The road back east was long and the suffering was acute as Washington, now in command, led the dejected survivors



The
Braddock
Monument

along the trails over which they had recently passed with their hopes high. It is possible, and even probable, that Washington availed himself of the opportunity to stop again in the hospitable home of Jacob Bromback. If he did, they must have talked seriously of the events of the recent past, of the many new graves in the wilderness, and possibly of the basic futility of trying to settle the quarrels of governments and of individuals by methods of violence.

Liking the country in which Jacob Bromback lived, Washington later selected a site on the Potomac where it is joined by the Conococheague for a possible national capital. The wide streets in the small city of Williamsport are a reminder of the dream that was never fulfilled. When Washington looked over the location he was entertained in

the home of General Otho Williams near the village. The house is still standing and is pointed out to the tourist. However, it has been enlarged and changed since the days when its roof sheltered America's foremost citizen.

For some reason never made public, Bromback was given a large tract of land in Blair and Bedford counties, Pennsylvania. If an inquirer could have called Washington aside later, he might have become the possessor of the reason for this — the nights spent by Washington in the home of this man, as well as having had him for a companion on the march. That a Brethren farmer should be given a tract of land like this, far out on the frontier, would arouse questions in the minds of many people. Who can say that Washington's hand was not back of the grant? Washington is gone. Braddock sleeps by the side of the road. And where Bromback rests perhaps no man knows; but his principles are as much alive as when these men met in his humble home at the foot of old Fairview Mountain.

Is there one who can say that when Washington, called to the highest place his country had to offer, presided over the Constitutional Convention he did not counsel the placing in the Constitution of the clause guaranteeing religious liberty and freedom of conscience? Washington, from his lofty heights of state, may have remembered the lowly home where the humble and soft-spoken Brethren layman expounded to the British general and himself the doctrine of peace and goodwill.

A light indeed was Jacob Bromback in the wilderness. Even though in later years the candle was consumed, the lights kindled by it still shone forth. They had come in contact with a man of God; and the fruitage of contacts such as that are not for just a day.

History is stingy with its records concerning the life and labors of Bromback. The men of those days had little time to keep records. Their energies were spent in the stern

necessity of wresting a living from new and often unfriendly surroundings.

The work of Jacob Bromback reminds us that the laity have an important place in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ second only to that of the minister. Perhaps testimony from a consecrated layman is accepted when that of a minister may be considered more or less professional. The history of the church would be different and perhaps better had there been more consecrated laymen like Bromback giving testimony to their faith by both word and deed.

the BRETHREN ARE still there

OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in 1855, U. J. Jones wrote *The History of Juniata Valley, Pennsylvania*. In this history he gives an extensive description of events of pre-Revolutionary days. Much space is given to one of Pennsylvania's most picturesque sections, The Great Cove. This cove, named after a Mr. Morrison, is to central Pennsylvania what the Shenandoah Valley is to western Virginia. Much of the history of the two valleys, so far as their settlers were concerned, is the same.

When the author, some years ago, accompanied by Henry Good of Waynesboro, a historian in his own right and a descendant of Alexander Mack, came through the mountain gap, The Cove lay unrolled before him in all its beauty. Its orchards, well-tilled fields, meandering roads, and colorfully painted houses and barns spoke of pride of ownership on the part of its residents. Dunnings Mountain on the west, supported by Lock's Mountain, and Old Tussey Mountain on the east marked the boundaries of The Cove. Off to the west could be seen the lesser gap through which the highway to Roaring Spring passed. From here the highway wound to and on through the old hamlet of Bakers Summit. Through the eastern section of The Cove flows historic Clover Creek.

We are interested in the treatment Mr. Jones gives the early Brethren settlers. He, like some other writers, calls them Dunkards, speaking in contempt and derision. Though Author Jones says that he speaks in candor, picturing the Brethren as they were, "nothing extenuate, nor set down in malice," one

cannot avoid wondering how much stronger some of his statements would be if he had decided to write with malice.

Having said that the "right, title, and interest of all and singular fine lands had been acquired for the magnificent sum of 400 pounds," Jones continues: "The greater portion of the . . . valley, however, was almost unexplored until the Penns made the new purchase. About 1755 a colony of Dunkards took up the southern portion of the Cove and their descendants hold possession of it until this day. They have unquestionably the finest farms, as well as the most fertile land, in the state; and right glad would we be to end their portion of the chapter by saying, or even adding, that for thrift and economy they stand unsurpassed; but a sense of candor compels us to speak of them as they are. . . . In the first place let it be understood that we are in no particle indebted to them for one iota of the blessings of government which we enjoy. They are strict non-resistants; and in the predatory incursions of the French and Indians, in 1756-63, and in fact, during all the savage warfare, they not only refused to take up arms to repel the savage marauders and prevent the inhuman slaughter of women and children, but they refused in the most positive manner to pay a dollar to support those who were willing to take up arms to defend their homes and their firesides, until wrung from them by the stern mandates of the law, from which there was no appeal."

The man who speaks "with no malice" goes on to say: "They might at least have furnished money, for they always had an abundance of that, the hoarding of which seemed to be the sole aim and object of life to them."

When the Indians swept down through The Cove and murdered many of the early settlers, the Brethren were still unresistant, saying in their German tongue, "Gottes Wille sei gethan" (God's will be done). This sentence was so often expressed that the Indians remembered it; later on, during the Revolutionary War, some of the older Indians asked of the

Huntingdon soldiers if the "Gotwiltahns" still resided in The Cove. It should be added here that when an Indian who was attempting the capture of one Jacob Neff was shot and killed by a Brethren member named Miller, Mr. Miller was subjected to much criticism by his fellow church members.

Martinsburg is the industrial center of The Cove. It is in this area that there are various Brethren churches which trace their ancestry to a common heritage. It was here that the author first met the late James A. Sell and his aged wife. The Reverend Mr. Sell was then ninety-six years of age and had been blind for a number of years. He and his wife were residents of the Home for the Aged. It was in Martinsburg that the late John Mock, a historian and collector, lived. He was a descendant of Alexander Mack, although there had been a change in the spelling of the family name. It was on the side of Old Tussey Mountain, near by, that the late Governor M. G. Brumbaugh had expected to build his home and devote his time to writing when he retired from the presidency of Juniata College, we are told by his brother Frank of James Creek, Pennsylvania. Dr. Brumbaugh died from a heart attack while on a vacation in North Carolina and was brought back to be interred in the little cemetery near the farm on which he had worked when he was a boy.

Many histories and other books have been written about this beautiful cove and still its beauties and its cultural and historic riches have not been exhausted. We are particularly interested here in some of the people who bear family names such as Mack, Mock, Holsinger, Brumbaugh, and Sell. They are a vital part of The Cove's heritage.

John Holsinger of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, married Elizabeth, the daughter of William Mack of the same community. William was the son of Alexander, Jr., Elizabeth then being the great-granddaughter of Alexander, Sr. It is thought that in or around 1780 John came with his family to Morrison's Cove. A Brethren elder, he was closely associated

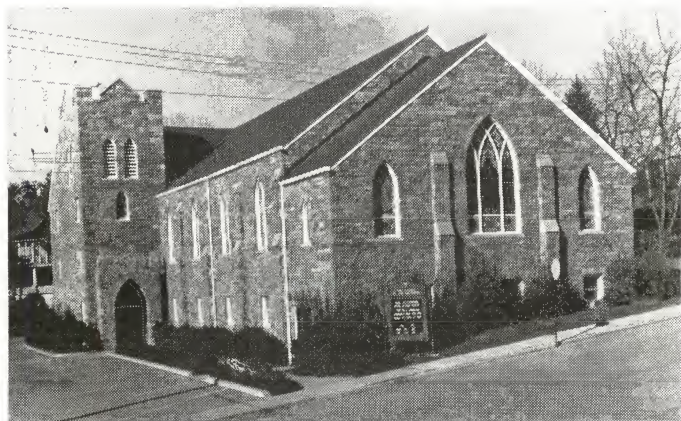
with Samuel Ulrey in the founding of the Brethren work in The Cove. He settled south of the present village of Bakers Summit on the eastern slope of Dunnings Mountain, holding land that included not only a section of the mountain but also a section of the fertile wooded valley. His death occurred on December 8, 1849. He was buried just a few hundred yards to the northwest where, two years before, his wife, Elizabeth, had been buried, and where, some years before that, her father had been buried.

Lydia Mack, a sister of Elizabeth, had married a brother of John. They lived and died near Waynesboro, leaving numerous descendants. Polly, a younger sister of Elizabeth and Lydia, married Jacob Holsinger, a nephew of the husbands of her two older sisters, for her first husband. Jacob died in 1834, leaving her with a large family. On May 2, 1835, she was married to George Brown Replogle of Bedford County, Pennsylvania. To this union were born three children. Polly moved after her mother's death into the home of Lydia near Waynesboro, finally going to the Bakers Summit community. Here she lived within walking distance of her sister, Elizabeth. Most of the Holsinger descendants in The Cove are the descendants of Elizabeth Mack Holsinger and Polly Mack Holsinger-Replogle. Polly is buried in the New Enterprise cemetery. Clair P. Holsinger of New Enterprise has taken over much of the work necessary for the restoration of the cemetery on the old Holsinger farm near Bakers Summit, where William, the son of Alexander Mack, Jr., along with some ten of his relatives, rests. A fence has been erected to protect the limits of the cemetery from encroachments of the plow, and a marker has been placed thereon.

Space permits only the briefest mention of the churches established on the Holsinger farm. The first building gave way to progress, and just a short distance from where it had stood a commodious brick structure was erected. Across the road is a well-populated cemetery in which many of the

Brethren sleep. The Holsinger church has shown growth though it does not have a large membership. In March 1957 the congregation dedicated a large and useful basement. The all-day meeting was enjoyed by numerous friends and many descendants of Elder John Holsinger.

Each year the Holsingers meet for their reunion. Old times are talked over and worship and fellowship are enjoyed. The *Morrison Cove Herald* for August 13, 1957, carries a report



The New Enterprise Church of the Brethren

of the reunion of that year written by L. R. Holsinger. Excerpts from it will be informative as to whether there are still Brethren in The Cove.

“A reunion of the Holsinger clan was enjoyed by nearly one hundred and fifty in attendance last Sunday August 4, at Memorial Park, Martinsburg, Pa. Those of this clan are descendants of John S. and Elizabeth Mack Holsinger who moved from Franklin County, near Waynesboro, to Bakers Summit, in Morrisons Cove; they died there and are buried in

a small family cemetery at the foot of the mountain about a mile from Bakers Summit.

"This John S. Holsinger was born July 21, 1768, and died December 8, 1849. His wife, Elizabeth (Mack) Holsinger, was born October 13, 1776, and died October 19, 1847. He was a farmer and a school teacher, and was a member of the German Baptist Brethren Church, now the Church of the Brethren. She was the great granddaughter of Alexander Mack, Sr., who was the Founder of the present Church of the Brethren, 1708, at Schwarzenau, Germany. The generation to which L. R. and L. H. Holsinger of Martinsburg, Pa. now belong consists of great-grandchildren of hers.

"Two churches of the Brethren are named Holsinger in memory of this clan. One is located near Bakers Summit, and the other near Pleasantville (Pa.), Alum Bank [now called the Mock church], Bedford County, Pennsylvania. Many church leaders of the past and present Church of the Brethren were and are of the Holsinger clan.

"They are very generally interested in music. Some are heads of music departments in Colleges. A member of this clan says that this reputation becomes a source of embarrassment to some of them because too literal interpretation of the name which seems to cause people to think of it as Wholesinger, and accordingly urged them to make a display only to dub them Halfsinger thereafter.

"At this reunion were folks from Indiana, Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and from all over Pennsylvania. . . . This gathering had been at Geistown, Pa. annually the first Sunday of August for many years. This is the first time that it was held at Martinsburg, and the first visit of many of them to Morrisons Cove. They were so well pleased with the Cove and Memorial Park that at the suggestion of one from out the Cove they voted unanimously to return next year.

"A history of the clan is being prepared by Dr. Paul Holsinger of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. . . . This history will

contain about ten thousand names. It will refer to people of practically all walks of life, but to an exceptional number of preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, musicians, merchants and bankers."

When John and Elizabeth Holsinger left the safety of civilization as represented by the Waynesboro community to establish their home in The Cove they could have had no way to know that in their line of descendants there would be many generations that would live and worship in like faith. Two of the questions frequently asked the author during the years of gathering materials concerning the Mack line were "Are there those still living who possess the Mack name? Are they members of the Brethren Church?" The answer to both of these questions is "Yes." And many of their descendants are residents of Morrison's Cove.

Within the boundaries of Morrison's Cove there are well over a dozen thriving congregations of the Brethren with a membership totaling in excess of five thousand. The Brethren are found in all of the worthwhile endeavors of life as it is lived in The Cove, bringing to it both those qualities shared by a majority of their fellow men and those that may be more distinctively their own. The Morrison Cove Home, near Martinsburg, is a Brethren institution devoted to the Christian care of the aging.

We do not know whether Author Jones left any descendants who became men and women of distinction. But those whom he depicted in harsh terms, and also their descendants, thrived, with numerous ones filling places of real worth, and have been blessings to their fellow men. From burial services in the little cemetery on the sloping foot of Dunnings Mountain, men have returned to their homes realizing that though this pioneer family buried themselves geographically in the virgin wilderness, their faith in the living God and in the admonitions of the great-grandfather and the grandfather has brought blessings to their fellow

men beyond our powers of contemplation. And further, in all the years which have passed since these God-fearing settlers laid down their own lives rather than take life, no one has been able to demonstrate that killing other people is the better way of settling life's difficulties. Morrison's Cove is better in every way because of the men and women of principle and vision who became its first settlers. The Brethren are still very much in evidence in The Cove.

the snow hill nunnery

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR, proud of his attainments, and perhaps with something of a swagger, carefully placed his transit on the spot best suited to his purpose. When it had been set in position to his satisfaction he gave attention to other phases of his work, which took him a short distance from the instrument. Glancing up, he saw a long-bearded man, quaintly dressed, looking with interest into the dial of the transit.

"Look out, old man," he called. "That will bite you."

The man addressed looked up and, without lifting his voice or resenting in any way the implication in the tone of the arrogant young surveyor, calmly said, "Young man, I made that instrument."

This incident took place many years ago upon the grounds of the Snow Hill Nunnery, some three and one-half miles north of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania. We do not know the reaction of the young man, but it can be left to the imagination of the reader. At the Snow Hill Nunnery, so called, there were manufactured clocks, surveying instruments, and other things commonly needed, as had been done and was yet being done by the mother group in the Cloisters at Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

Among the early settlers in the Antietam country was Hans Schneeberger (Snowberger), a Swiss who came to America in 1750 with his wife and seven children — five boys and two girls. His son Andreas, who was about nine years

old when the family came to America, married Barbara Karper, daughter of Melchior Karper, at about the time of the Sabbatarian revival on the Antietam. All these persons were of the Brethren persuasion. Conrad Beissel of Ephrata held the meetings, which caused a great upheaval in the lives of many.

One of those whom Beissel convinced of the truth of his doctrines was Barbara Karper Snowberger. She immediately began to observe the Seventh Day, as Beissel had demanded. Her husband had not been affected by the revival except indirectly, but after a time disagreement arose between Andreas and Barbara over the strange doctrines of Beissel. The dissension became so great that she took her small child in her arms and started on foot through the mountain fastnesses to walk to Ephrata. After tramping for four miles, carrying the child through the mountains, and being very tired, she stopped at a hospitable home for the night. The next morning — likely much to her relief — her husband arrived with two horses, ready to yield to her point of view if she would return home with him. This she did; and evidently her great faith won her husband over, for shortly afterward Andreas was baptized into the Seventh Day Baptist fold. In due time their eight children also became Seventh Day Baptists. Their home became a rallying place for those of like belief.

Andreas Snowberger, at about the time he was married, took up land now known as Snow Hill Nunnery property and erected a log house about a quarter of a mile north of the present buildings. The Snowbergers and their Seventh Day Baptist neighbors worshiped in the homes and the barns of the various individuals, but the desire for a regular place of worship became stronger. The majority favored the founding of a community similar to that at Ephrata. Eventually a deed was made by Andreas Snowberger to a board of trustees for certain specified purposes forever. Settlements were made with the married heirs of the Snowbergers and a bond worth

sixteen hundred dollars was given to the grantor to secure the balance.

The community now being fairly well launched, the next task was to begin the construction of the necessary buildings. In 1814 the first of the community houses was constructed. This was the original *Kloster* (Cloister). Two stories high, it measured thirty by forty feet above the basement. At the east end, on the upper floor, was the *Saal* or chapel. Here they held their meetings until sometime in 1829, when the second meetinghouse was built across the creek from the main



The Snow Hill Nunnery

buildings. The second unit of the Cloister, likewise of brick, was built in 1835. Also two stories high, this structure measures thirty feet square. In 1838 the brick house at the west end was built, measuring thirty by forty feet. Intended for the use of the men who were members of the settlement, this was known as the Brother House. In 1843 a brick structure, having the same dimensions as the Brother House, was built at the east end of the gradually lengthening row of buildings; it was known as the Sister House. Each building was joined to those

next to it, giving the group the general appearance of one house. The interior was planned to provide several large community rooms with a number of *Kammern*, or sleeping rooms.

The word *nunnery* as applied to the Snow Hill Institution is misleading. The use of this word evidently came about through the translation of the German word *Kloster*, which means a place of religious retirement. The German-speaking Seventh Day Baptists were spoken of as German Seventh Day Baptists to distinguish them from the English-speaking Seventh Day Baptists, who were organized at New Port, England, in 1671. During the First World War it was voted to drop the word *German* from the name of the group.

The most prosperous period of the Institution was between 1820 and 1845. The number of members was much smaller than the number of occupants of the Ephrata Cloister. Here, as at Ephrata, there were various trades. Peter Lehman, the organizer, was for many years the *Vorsteher* (leader). During his administration the grist mill was erected. Today nothing remains of this mill; but the old millrace which brought the water to turn the mill wheel may be easily discerned. The flour made in the mill was of fine grade; it was hauled to Baltimore in Conestoga wagons. The quality of it was so high that when the merchants saw the name, *Peter Lehman and Co.*, upon the barrels no questions were asked and the flour was readily accepted. When the farmers brought their wheat in to be ground, the millers received about one tenth of each bushel for their work. The mill was a very busy place.

Inasmuch as a mill would be the user of many barrels, a cooper shop was established for the making of flour barrels. In this the brothers not only made those barrels needed for their own mill but likely provided some for others also. The old cooper shop stands today, a haven for junk and odds and ends, with its once-glorious day only a memory.

George A. Townsend, a noted author and war corre-

spendent of Washington County, Maryland, gives us an intimate over-all picture of the Snow Hill Settlement of over seventy years ago:

"It stood in the crevice of the mountain foot lands, where a meadow bubbles up in copious springs, which fashioned into a bed, wound in a strong brook between the long brick monastery and the low, massive, white plastered church, and then, caught in a mill-race, turned two old Dunker mills. The dwelling, or Kloster house, was nearly a hundred and fifty feet long, and of a delightfully broken form, with a chimney squatting kitchen in the middle. Flanked by a long conventional wing — on one side a cool porch and several doors, the other side more primitively German, with little lines of windows, and over the center dormer — rose the naked cupola and bell. The gurgling brook, talking at its birthplace, describing such gossipy rounds of flowing, that all the parts of this settlement seemed to be in a circle, and fruit sprang out of the earth as if it was a corner of Paradise, neglected but uncursed. The humid spring meadow was tinted with blue sedge and flowers, and a pond in the midst was their looking glass. Woods and rocks shut in the church, and its two doors that separated the vexing mysteries of sex; cultivated hills hid the nunnery from the south; the cedar, fern, ailantus, catalpa, apple and pear trees gave grateful shade; and milk and cider showed their butteries and presses to the covetous eyes of the homeless tramp, for whose terror a sign was put on the door, which none of his brotherhood was ever known to heed. Close by, the grave yard showed the tomb of the Snoebergers, for whom Snow Hill . . . was named, and of their Ephrata-reared friends; and the South Mountain, losing its coherence here in Pennsylvania, describing great hillocks and cones near by, and in the south showed the blue promontory in which it crossed the free-state line, and then swerved irresolutely away."

Another writer has given us a picture of the Cloister life: "The great bell for rising was rung at five in the morning.

One-half hour later the small bell rang to call all to breakfast in the common dining room on the first floor, below the Saal, between the Brothers' rooms and the Sisters' rooms. Two long tables stood on one side, with snow white table cloths. Plain benches placed on each side of the tables were the seats. A chair was at the head of the table for the 'Vorsteher.' The Brothers ate at one table, the sisters at the other. A carpet, the kind called rag-carpet, covered the floor. In winter a roaring wood fire burned in the big ten-plate stove near the center of the dining room. Food from the adjoining kitchen was provided plentifully. It was similar to that provided by the 'Pennsylvania' Dutch farmers. The dinner hour was eleven-thirty in the morning, the supper hour was five-thirty. . . . The Vorsteher led in prayer before meals. At the close of a meal, either a table hymn was sung or 'thanks' returned. A rag-carpet also covered the floor of the community or 'sitting' rooms, and a ten-plate stove with a wood fire was used for heating. At bed-time all assembled in the Saal for prayer service, which was conducted by the Vorsteher of the Brothers."

On Saturday (the Sabbath) the service was held in the *Saal* at two in the afternoon after the church was built. Much of the singing was from the Ephrata note books which had been transferred to Snow Hill. Copies of these manuscript note books were made by some of the sisters at Snow Hill, also. The letters used in the manuscript tune books are highly ornamental. Each letter was made with a single stroke of the pen. Time and patient industry alone could produce a copy. Devout, sanctified music was considered a very important part of the worship of the Seventh Day Baptists. They, along with the members at Ephrata, introduced antiphonal singing.

Communion services were held four times a year. The spring communion, for which general invitations were sent out, was largely attended. People would drive for miles to be present. At times there were as many as five thousand people

gathered at Snow Hill. In fact, this was a long-looked-for occasion in the community. It is said that for three weeks preceding the services it was impossible to engage a rig at Chambersburg as all had been spoken for. The Nunnery meeting was a great show for many of the gay young blades who invited their lady friends to go with them to the meeting. To impress them further they would drive into nearby Waynesboro or Quincy and show special attention to them by buying dinners at the hotels. However, until the First World War a simple meal was provided at the *Kloster* free to all who cared to eat there. The meal consisted of bread, butter, apple butter, cucumber pickles, and hot coffee. Ofttimes it was three or later in the afternoon when the meal was completed. It was a very busy day for the membership.

Dr. William H. Fahnestock, a historian of note many years ago, described his experiences as a visitor at Snow Hill. "On each Friday evening, the commencement of the Sabbath, I regularly mounted my horse and rode to that place, a distance of three miles, and lingered about the grove in the front of the building, during the evening exercises, charmed to enchantment. It was in my gay days, when the fashion of the world possessed me, but there was such a sublimity and devotion in their music that I repaired with the greatest punctuality to this place, to drink in those melifluous tunes, which transported my spirit for the time to regions of unalloyed bliss; tones which I never heard before nor since on earth, though I have frequented the English, the French and Italian Opera. . . . It was a delightful boon for me, enhanced by the situation of the cloister, which is in a lovely vale just beyond South Mountain."

Numerous signs may be seen today indicating the busy life of many years ago. Life was less stern here than at Ephrata, though no less serious. Strange and interesting tales have been told of various individuals. A touching story is told of the aged sister who had mentally entered her second

childhood. Her companions, instead of being harshly critical of her, aided her in that which was real to her. When she wanted to be rocked again in the cradle of her childhood, they had a cradle of sufficient size constructed; in this she was rocked to sleep night after night by the foot of some sister sitting by its side.

Regulations governing the Society required that only the unmarried — including widows and widowers — be admitted to membership. Marriage of a member, although not forbidden, was accompanied by a forfeiture of membership in the Society but not in the church.

A measure of uniformity in appearance was required. Each sister wore a plain dress, usually with a large white handkerchief about the neck, pinned over the chest. The brothers dressed in Quaker fashion.

The people of Snow Hill have always been of a practical turn of mind, and, being possessed of various skills, were able to live largely independently of the community. All were required to work on the premises, the men on the farm or in the workshops, the dairy, or the garden. Each morning the *Vorsteher* assigned the duties of the day. Sick members were well cared for, doctors being called when needed. Members of the Society from time to time assisted the neighbors, helping with the housework and caring for those who were ill.

Visitors to Snow Hill were welcomed, and much hospitality was shown to them. But a good thing could be — and was — abused by the unworthy vagrant. Thus it became necessary to place upon the main door of the *Kloster* the message of warning referred to by Mr. Townsend. The warning read as follows: "By order of the trustees of Snow Hill Society, the undersigned do hereby notify the loafer or vagrant not to call for lodging or otherwise annoy the people as the law will be used."

The voices of the Snow Hill residents have long been stilled, their forms have returned to dust, and their glory has

departed, but history has given to us for all time the results of their efforts. The membership declined and finally with the death of the last member, Obed Snowberger, in 1895, the Snowberger heirs brought suit for the property. The Franklin County court finally turned the property over to trustees and their successors. The trustees have control of the one hundred fifty-six or more acres of ground. The buildings are now used as a residence, part of which is occupied by the farmer's family.

When Conrad Beissel departed from the faith of Alexander Mack, the organizer of the Brethren, rebaptizing himself and retiring to the American wilderness, his largest contribution was to secular rather than religious history. From material recently brought to light there are indications that Beissel lacked many things which were integral parts of the life of the Brethren.

Today Snow Hill stands in its beautiful Pennsylvania valley as a monument to this man's failure to follow the things which were considered fundamental by Alexander Mack. Time has proved Mack correct, for there are active Brethren churches throughout many parts of the world today, while Ephrata and Snow Hill are the objects of the attention of the historians and the curious. The life that once was there has departed. But the principles which were spurned by the founders of these two experiments are still very much alive.

snow hill lights and shadows

ALTHOUGH SNOW HILL was a Seventh Day Baptist settlement, there was and still is much in common with the ancestry of the Brethren. In fact, the denominations which lay claim to the name *Brethren* have more on which they agree than on which they disagree. However, human weakness seems to stress the smaller matters to the partial forgetting of those things concerning which there is harmony.

As one travels down the splendid highway from the north, emerging from the village of Quincy, he comes to a small graveyard on the east side of the road, about a quarter of a mile north of the *Kloster*. Much of this is infested by the various briars and weeds commonly found where there is neglect. In this spot, hard by the busily traveled road, many of the early members of the Snow Hill Institution rest. The name most common is *Snowberger*.

In this old cemetery there stands a bluish marble stone about three feet high and twenty inches wide. It marks the grave of Peter Lehman, who is regarded as the founder of the Snow Hill Society. The inscription on the front of the stone is in German. Translated into English, it reads as follows: "Here rest the mortal remains of Peter Lehman; he was born on the 24th of May 1757 and passed from time into eternity on the 4th of January, 1823, aged 65 years, 7 months and 11 days." On the opposite side of the stone is the following: "Peter Lehman, upright in walk, righteous in life, just in faith, patient in hope, brings a blessed end. Look at me, I have

found for a short time toil and labor. And have found great comfort. For the Lord has appeared unto me from afar. For the weary souls he will revive, and the troubled souls he will comfort."

Peter Lehman, mentioned in the preceding chapter, was the foremost man of the Society and was likewise a conspicuous figure in the community. As a leader among his people, he guided their lives for a quarter of a century.

It seems that these people, unobtrusive in their habits, in common with other Pietists never had a creed or articles of faith and practice. This gave rise to misrepresentations, especially by people not friendly to them. Benjamin Franklin was well acquainted with them in the first days of their settlement at Ephrata, before Peter Lehman organized the Snow Hill Seventh Day Baptist Society. People from different walks of life consulted with Franklin in regard to their problems. After a consultation with Michael Wohlfarth, Franklin made this statement:

"I was well acquainted with . . . Michael Welfare [Wohlfarth]. . . . He complained to me that they [his people] were grievously calumniated by the zealots of other persuasions, and charged with abominable principles and practices, to which they were utter strangers. I told him that this has always been the case of new sects, and that, to put a stop to such abuse, I imagined that it might be well to publish the articles of their belief, and the rules of their discipline. He said that it had been proposed among them, but not agreed to, for this reason:

"'When we were first drawn together as a society,' said he, 'it pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines, which were esteemed truths, were errors and that others, which we had esteemed error, were real truths. From time to time, He had been pleased to afford us further light, and our principles have been improving, and our errors diminishing. Now we are not sure that we have arrived at the

end of this progression, and at the perfection of spiritual and theological knowledge; we fear that if we would print our confession of faith, we should feel ourselves as if bound and confined by it, and perhaps be unwilling to receive further improvement — and our successors still more so, as conceiving what their elders and founders had done to be something sacred, never to be departed from!

“This modesty in a sect is perhaps a singular instance in



The Saal, Snow Hill Nunnery

the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man traveling in foggy weather; those at some distance before him in the road he sees wrapped in fog as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on each side; but near him all will appear clear, though in truth he is as much in the fog as they.”

One of the most interesting sights at Snow Hill was the orderly Sabbath procession from the *Kloster* to the church just

across the clear and fast-flowing stream. Two by two the brothers walked in the lead, followed by the neatly but plainly dressed sisters. They passed under the big trees, across the thick-carpeted grass, over the little bridges into the church. Once inside the church the brothers took their places on one side and the sisters on the other.

As was pointed out in the preceding chapter, the doings at Snow Hill have always been of interest to the general public. No doubt many visitors went there from idle curiosity while many others went with a feeling of sympathetic interest. One visitor, Samuel Davison, must have been among those who went there with more interest than curiosity, for he told of a baptism by trine immersion which he witnessed while visiting Snow Hill in 1847. His description of the solemn rite, given in well-chosen words, is worthy of our consideration.

"Three candidates for baptism [who] had previously been accepted as such by the pastors of the two societies [Snow Hill and Ephrata], were announced to be ready to be baptized. After being suitably attired, they repaired to the baptistry, where the thronging multitude had already assembled. We sang a hymn and [had] prayer, and Elder [Andrew] Fahnestock went into the water: the candidates assisted by by-standing brethren and sisters descended after him. They were females. As each reached the lower step, he took her by the left arm, and led her to a suitable depth, where she kneeled down.

"It was a hot sunny day, but that pure water was cold, and at first made respiration short and labored. She applied water to the face, and he to the back of the head, waiting for a moment for her to recover, and acquire a devout frame of mind. Then, laying his left hand upon the forepart of the head, and his right hand upon the back, between the shoulders, he said, 'Ich taufe euch in namen des Vaters,' and immersed the candidate, face foremost; then raising her up to her former position, and adding in an audible voice, 'und des Sohnes,' he immersed her in the same manner a second time; then giving

her a like time for recovery, he added, 'und des Heiligen Geistes,' and proceeded as before; raising her up to her first position, that is still kneeling, and giving time for the candidate to recover; while she was yet kneeling he laid both hands upon her head, and offered a short invitation for the Spirit of God to seal this obedient hand-maid as a child of God.

"Thus he proceeded with all the others; and the service closed. There was no hurrying to see how quickly it could be done; nor any apparent impatience with the candidates; both candidates and administrator seemed to act as though they believed the Saviour was near."

There, in that beautiful glade with South Mountain forming a background, and the rolling hills to the west with the rippling brook and the stately and beautiful trees framing the scene, no one could leave without being deeply impressed with the spiritual meaning of the rite. Outside of substituting the English for the German, how little different today are many baptisms by the Brethren?

One writer eloquent with his pen must have spent some time among the Seventh Day Baptists, for he gave a hint of romance among them. This was George Alfred Townsend in his book, *Katy of Catoctin*, published near the close of the past century. In this Civil War story, he depicts life in Maryland and southern Pennsylvania during the troublesome days of that period. One of his scenes, almost tragic in its consequences, is laid in the *Kloster* at Snow Hill. In it he introduces one Job Snowberger, a rather colorless character. Others, bearing names such as *Harbaugh*, *Monn*, *Ritner*, and *Logan*, names well known in that vicinity, also appear as characters in the book.

When this noted Civil War correspondent chose this spot for the exercise of his descriptive powers, the picture was not overdrawn. In his day the Nunnery was one of the cleanest and best kept places in the Cumberland Valley. Many of those who drove there by horse and carriage at Annual Meeting

time from distances as great as forty or fifty miles went not alone to attend the services but to see again the well-kept grounds, the whitewashed buildings, and the other attractive surroundings. But many changes have come about since those days. The old white church erected in 1829 is much weathered. The old barn shows the passing of time, while other buildings are in various states of decay. The main *Kloster* building, however, still shows an interest manifested in its upkeep.

Orderliness and devoutness characterized the lives of these plain people. They sang their hymns, engaged in their devotions, and performed the work assigned to them from day to day regardless of the world rushing by them through the valley just over the hills. Their years were largely marked by an even tenor of life, simple and unostentatious.

But let it not be thought that their life was always one of peace. In the short course of their existence as a society or congregation, their peaceful life was disturbed by court proceedings not of their own seeking but brought about by some neighbor or neighbors who thought that the Sabbatarians had violated a commandment in giving the first day of the week to their work.

One of these cases began in a local justice of the peace court and did not end until it reached the Supreme Court. The case was somewhat as follows: John Lidy charged that Jacob Specht, a member of the Society and a cooper, had on the sixteenth day of August 1846, which day was Sunday, engaged in cleaning out his stables and hauling the litter to his field. George Toms, a local justice of the peace, issued a warrant for the arrest of Specht, who was taken before a justice of the name of Hugh M. Sibbett, a constable, and was fined four dollars for violation of the act of April 22, 1794.

When the Franklin County court upheld the action of the justice, Specht carried the case to the Supreme Court, which sustained the decision of the lower court. Specht contended

that he was commanded by the Bible to work six days of the week and rest on the seventh; that he had rested on the seventh day, and that it was necessary for him to work on Sunday in order to comply with the Biblical commandment. The Supreme Court in its decision stated that the members of the Society, who conscientiously observe and keep the seventh day of the week as the Christian Sabbath, can be convicted if they work on Sunday, because Sunday is the day set aside by the act of April 22, 1794, as the day of legalized rest. It is interesting to know that Thaddeus Stevens, the great "Commoner," conducted Specht's case for him; the arguments that he presented make interesting reading. One wonders what kind of a decision the Supreme Court would make in this present day.

On August 24, 1899, the members of the Snow Hill congregation were again haled into the Franklin County courts — this time not because they had violated any laws but because the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania claimed that there was no member of the monastical society then living. Obed Snowberger having died a few years previous to this time, the organization had no heirs, and consequently the lands, buildings, and other belongings would revert to the state. There were a good many adherents to the faith living in the neighborhood, and services were held at intervals in the little white church. The members of the Snow Hill congregation asserted that the Society was an integral part of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and that the farm, mill, shops, and other properties belonged to the church which had in part created them. To make a lengthy story short, the Commonwealth failed in its claims, the property did not escheat to the state, and it was decreed that it was part and parcel of the Seventh Day Baptist organization. Perhaps this someday will be preserved as other historic properties have been.

the walking doctor

ONE OF THE FAMILIAR SIGHTS on Little Beaver Creek, one of the tributaries of the Antietam, in Washington County, Maryland, well over one hundred years ago was a man walking. The trails — for the roads of today were the trails of yesterday — led from the rolling fields where this man had his home into the recesses of South Mountain just east of the farm. He was a familiar figure in the humble mountain homes, where the only sources of heat and light were the open fireplace and the flickering candle. The cooking place, many times, was the same wide-open fireplace, with its swinging crane. In contrast, he was also a welcome visitor in the more pretentious homes on the lower farming lands of the Antietam Valley.

What was noticeable about a man walking? In general, nothing! This was the common way of travel. However, in this instance there was something conspicuously different, for the man was accompanied by a horse. It was not a case of "ride and tie," as when two people used the same horse in pioneer days, but of a man walking by the side of the horse. On this horse were his saddle bags, fragrant with the aroma of various herbs and remedies for the healing of the sick. The man who walked by the side of the horse was from his youth up a hygieist — one who delved into the healing mysteries of plants and unlocked many of their secrets of healing, turning them to the benefit of his fellow men. No doubt the bearded walking man and the walking horse were welcomed with

relief as he brought new courage and hope to the families in distress.

This man was none other than the founder of the Fahrney family of Maryland, Dr. Peter Fahrney. Jacob Fahrney, Peter's father, was born at Frankfurt, Germany, about 1733. It is known that when he was twenty-three years of age he emigrated to America. Having studied medicine in Europe, he began his practice of it soon after settling in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1756.

At the time of Jacob's crossing of the Atlantic, dangers were to be found on every hand — not only those of the hostile ocean, which tossed the little sailing vessels dangerously, but also those brought about by England's being engaged in a titanic struggle with France. He no sooner arrived in Pennsylvania than he found that he had traded the risks of the sea for the risks of the land. The colonists were in deathly fear of attacks from the French and the Indians, who were jointly waging a bloody war against the settlers.

As was the custom in those days, Jacob landed in Philadelphia. From there he soon made his way out to those of like faith, customs, and speech in Lancaster County. Whether Jacob married in Europe or America is uncertain. However, it is known that he had three children.

The youngest child of Jacob Fahrney was given the common name *Peter*, which was a favorite with the German people. Peter was born on May 8, 1767, in Lancaster County. From his earliest boyhood days he was interested in herbs and traveled far and wide in search of them. No doubt being brought up in the atmosphere of medicine had an influence on his interest in turning the resources of nature to the purposes of building and healing rather than to those of destruction. As it was customary among the Germans for the boys to be taught a trade, Peter learned that of a tanner.

In his travels he came in contact with traveling evangelists, among whom were those hardy pioneer preachers of the

Brethren faith, Martin Urner and George Adam Martin. Whereas young Peter traveled much locally, Urner and Martin had traveled in what seemed to him to be a far country. Having been down in Maryland, they told him of the wonderful country, the fertile soil, the clear streams, and the beautiful mountains along the Antietam. Since there was a desire for more lands among the thrifty Germans, the distant areas appealed to them. Young Fahrney was soon inflamed with the spirit of wanderlust and became a passenger on a Conestoga wagon headed for the Cumberland Valley, which spread westward from the foot of South Mountain. The journey took two weeks.

His wanderings in search of herbs and flowers — for he was still at heart dedicated to the helping of the sick among his fellow men — took him up and down the banks of the Antietam and its tributary, Little Beaver. Among the families whom he found living there was one of the name of Durnbaugh: Jacob and Eve and their beautiful daughter, named after her mother. Their home was in the valley at the foot of South Mountain just east of the Antietam. There must have been something in common between Jacob Durnbaugh and the studious youthful Fahrney, for Fahrney was permitted to live in the Durnbaughs' San Mar home and compound his mysterious potions there.

Young Eve showed some interest in the herbs and potions, but even more in the young man who worked with them. This regard became mutual, and in 1791 they were married. Now that there were added responsibilities, Peter took his bride to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in his trade. To them were born four children: Catherine, Eve, Samuel, and Jacob. After twelve years of married life the mother passed away in 1803.

With his wife gone and with four motherless children for whom he was now doubly responsible, Peter naturally thought of the godly Durnbaugh home on the banks of Little Beaver.

With the children he returned to the Cumberland Valley. He had prospered enough to purchase from his father-in-law forty-two acres of land upon which he planned to carry on the tanner's trade. In fact, in the deed it is specifically stated that "the said Peter Fahrney could have the right to fill his tannery vats two days each week from a bold spring." This spring is still pouring forth its waters at the present Fahrney-Keedy Memorial Home at San Mar, near Mapleville.



Office and Laboratory of "the Walking Doctor"

The best laid plans of men, however, are oftentimes changed suddenly and without warning. Perhaps it was in the carrying out of his trade, or in riding about the countryside looking for plants, that his course of life was abruptly changed. Thrown from his horse, Peter suffered injuries from which there was no hope of recovery; he was to spend the remainder of his life as a cripple. No longer able to do the hard work of a tanner, he faced the necessity of taking up a new lifework.

Being the son of a physician and already having unlocked the healing secrets of many plants, he decided to become an

agent for the healing of his fellow men. Leaving his motherless children in the care of their grandparents at San Mar, he returned to Chambersburg and studied medicine with a practicing physician. Here he also continued his work as a hygieist. After a few years he went back to Maryland, where he took up the work of healing, beautiful San Mar becoming the center of his activities. Ironically, he who brought much hope and health to many who called on him for help could not remove his own infirmity. While his crippled condition did not interfere with his walking, it prevented him from riding horseback in his work.

Dr. Fahrney married Ann Sartorius in 1805. While it is not within the scope of this chapter to give a genealogical listing of their descendants, we should name those children born to them. John died in infancy. Peter the Second was born on October 8, 1806. Elizabeth, the third child, married John Emmert. Susannah married Abraham Stauffer. Joseph went to Ohio. Sarah married David Stull. Daniel, the youngest, born on August 20, 1819, followed in his grandfather's and his father's footsteps and became a physician. The present Fahrney-Keedy Memorial Home at San Mar, which was built on his land, is a monument to the faith of this Christian gentleman.

The descendants of Peter Fahrney are numerous. Among them are the Fahrneys of Illinois and Maryland as well as the Stouffers, Emmerts, Hibargers, Koonzes, Boerners, Funks, Klimes, McKees, Newcomers, Wagenmans, and a host of others. Each generation has made its contribution to the church and to society at large in various ways.

Inasmuch as the study and practice of medicine played a very important part in the lives of the Fahrneys, we shall mention two grandsons of "the walking doctor." Jacob Fahrney studied and practiced with his father, Jacob, Sr., at Quincy, Pennsylvania. The father was an elder in the old Antietam Brethren church. Jacob, Jr., emigrated to Polo, Illinois, about

1864 or 1865. Fascinated, like his grandfather, by the secrets of plants, he prepared that medicine which he called the Fahrney Blood Purge. His business growing so rapidly that it was necessary to relocate, he moved from Polo to Chicago.

Box 50, HUNTER, N. Y.

DR. FAHRNEY'S PANACEA.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY OF IT :

Daniel Baker Marsh Run, Pa. says, "I have been afflicted with the worst form of erysipelas. The doctors could do nothing for me. After using one bottle of your medicine I was entirely cured."

P. Kelchner, Moutgomery county, Pa. says, "Your Medicine the Blood Cleanser, has sold more rapidly than any other we have yet undertook to sell; and should it continue so, the agency for the sale of it will be quite a desirable thing."

Messrs. Kennedy & Nisewander, Welsh Round, Pa. writes, "Those who use the medicine pronounce it invaluable."

For Pamphlet and Health Messenger, address

DR. P. FAHRNEY'S BROS. & CO.
Or **Waynesborough, Pa.**
DR. P. FAHRNEY,
690 W. Indiana st. Chicago.

of
Neu
ent

A Fahrney Medicine Advertisement on the Brethren's Almanac, 1878

There was such success in the manufacturing of this remedy, which in the main was continued by his sons, that a sizable fortune was accumulated. There are still those in Chicago who are Jacob's descendants and heirs.

Another grandson, Daniel P. Fahrney, who was born near Boonsboro, Maryland, on July 10, 1841, practiced medicine in Hagerstown. He began his medical training with his father, Daniel, the youngest son of Peter Fahrney. Graduating from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1861, he was associated with his father until October 1876, when, believing that he could accomplish more in a larger place, he located in Hagerstown. His specialty was chronic

diseases, in the treating of which he was highly successful. He is said to have treated, in 1884 and 1885, over eleven thousand cases, one third of which he treated by mail. Like some of his physician relatives, he gave to the sick and ailing a number of "patent medicines."

There stands in front of the Fahrney-Keedy Memorial Home, which is located a few miles east of Hagerstown and a short distance from Mapleville, an old building with a wide chimney in the end, known as the Laboratory. It is in use now as a museum. Here many of the remedies of Dr. Peter Fahrney were concocted a century or more ago.

In 1837 the years took their toll, and the body that had served the handicapped physician for many years could function no longer. On April 9, at the age of seventy years, the walking doctor died. In 1937, his descendants erected in front of the Laboratory a large monument upon which they have given a brief account of his life. A part of the inscription from the metal plate fastened to the marble monument reads as follows:

BECAUSE OF HIS INFIRMITIES HE COULD
NOT RIDE HORSEBACK SO HE WALKED TO VISIT
HIS PATIENTS WITH HIS HORSE CARRYING THE
REMEDIES FOR THE SICK. HE WAS UNREMITTING
IN HIS ATTENTION TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.
IN HIS WILL HE REQUESTED THAT POOR PEOPLE
BE EXEMPT FROM HAVING THEIR ACCOUNTS IN
HIS BOOKS COLLECTED.

TO A MAN WHOSE CONCEPT OF LIFE COULD
WELL BE EXPRESSED IN THE WORDS, "BEING
MYSELF NO STRANGER TO SUFFERINGS I HAVE
LEARNED TO RELIEVE SUFFERING OF OTHERS,"
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED FEBRUARY 1937 BY
HIS DESCENDANTS.

pioneer of east conococheague

"THAT is the Stover Fort," said my guide, Henry W. Good of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, as we drove up onto a rocky eminence not many miles from Waynesboro in the central part of Franklin County. The first thought to enter my mind was "Why select such a rocky hill when there were so many fertile valleys and leveler locations?" However, when the first settlers saw the location there was more need for protection from the red man than there was for level fields.

Since many of the great institutions of modern times are built upon the lives and efforts of those long since gathered to their fathers, we might also assert that the strong churches of today are but "the lengthened shadows" of those who led and served in other days. All the churches in this area which bear the name *Brethren* go back to a great extent to the man who built and lived in "Stover's Fort." Not that this man was the first Brethren to locate in this section of the country; rather, it was that he was to become the first bishop of the Brethren on the western frontier on the border of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Mason-Dixon line was not as yet run when William Stover came to the disputed territory, not knowing whether the land bought from the Penn estates would be above or below the boundary when the disputed claims should be settled. As it turned out, his claim was in Pennsylvania, not far north of the line.

The birth year of this early Brethren is not known for certain, but it is thought to have been 1725. He was born

in Switzerland of German-speaking parentage, according to the best information available. Well-kept family records indicate that one Johann Wilhelm Stuber sailed from Rotterdam on the *Richard and Mary*, arriving in Philadelphia on September 26, 1752. It being necessary for those coming to the new land to sign the oath of allegiance to the British king, he signed it, using the form of his name given above. Later he adopted and used an anglicized form, *William Stover*. It was a common practice to change a European name over to an English form, although not all immigrants did it.

The Stuber family was evidently connected with the Reformed Church in Switzerland, for William adhered to this faith when he first came to Pennsylvania. Whether he had ever come in contact with the European Brethren is only a matter of conjecture. But since the Brethren were driven from place to place, and since Switzerland became a haven of peace for many of the persecuted Pietists and Anabaptists, it seems quite possible that he may at least have known of them. In Germantown he discontinued his fellowship with the Reformed Church and became one of the Brethren. A contemporary of Alexander Mack, Jr., he must have been acquainted with him and worked side by side with him in the Germantown congregation. Mack survived him by about three years.

When William Stover changed his church relationship, he was evidently motivated by this new relationship in his choice of a location for his home. Inasmuch as German-speaking people were continually on the move westward looking for home sites, he naturally fell in with them. The farm homestead which he developed was not far from Antietam Creek, though not specifically fronting on its waters. This was looked upon as the East Conococheague settlement. The land selected by the pioneer was on Marsh Run, a tributary of the Antietam. The location was two miles to the west of the present Prices meetinghouse of the Antietam Church of the Brethren. In 1754, when William and his wife and their three children came to

this section, the ever-roaming Indian was a threat to the settlers. It required great courage for the young man to bring his family to the fringes of civilization. And Braddock's defeat in 1755 brought no cheer or promise of help to the frontiersman.

Some historians understand that the first land bought by Stover was in reality a part of another's patent. There may have been a story-and-a-half house, made of the native limestone, on it. On the other hand, there are family traditions that suggest that Stover himself built his first house. The basement walls and the first floor stand today as they may have been erected by the settler. He did not long delay the enlarging of the little house, but built it up to a two-and-a-half-story dwelling. The limestone masonry of the second-story walls shows a slight difference from that of the first story. In this connection we borrow the description given by one of his descendants, Dr. B. Franklin Royer, recently deceased, a historian and genealogist of Greencastle, Pennsylvania.

"At this point one might relate some evidence of wisdom, foresight, and love of his fellow man in the provision for the physical welfare and lives of the citizens of the community. A quarter area of rectangular ground lying between the Stover homestead, a little stone house, and barn was surrounded by a high stone wall, 110 feet long on the north, 84 feet on the south; with the east and west walls 96-feet joining with the house and barn walls. This surrounding wall was 22 inches thick, built of limestone laid in lime and clay mortar, more than ten feet high on the north, and about eight feet high on the south, the end wall sloping to meet the house and barn walls. Small openings at eye sight height provided for watching in all directions in time of danger.

"This walled inclosure, Stover descendants and some local historians believe, was deliberately planned by William Stover for the protection of his family, and the protection of his religious followers and his neighbors and their live stock in time of anticipated Indian forays. It is not related how often

the protection of these walls was sought by citizens nearby; or if the neighbors aided in the construction; and no rumors have come down that even a single shot was ever fired at an Indian from within the inclosure."

The evidence is that the strong wall, three sides of which are today in a fair state of preservation, may be considered a monument to one who loved his fellowman. The walled-in area has been used as the vegetable garden by occupants of the farmstead for more than one hundred ninety years. There are historians who feel that inasmuch as the wall contained more than one thousand feet of stone, Stover had the help of his neighbors in the erecting of it. As it was the custom in those days for the settlers to work together in their various projects, this conclusion would not be out of place.

Dr. Royer further stated: "To the small stone house where he began his residence and which he enlarged to a two-and-one-half story building with a large garret, he added a higher and much larger annex containing a wide hall between the old and the new, with front and rear hall doors; the wide doors opening into the rooms of each building; the annex having four rooms and three fireplaces on the first floor and four large bedrooms on the second floor. This gave in all six second story bedrooms, five first floor rooms, four of them heated from fireplaces, and two large garrets, or lofts available for extra lodgers. All of this stone structure stands on the old Stover homestead as erected by him during the French and Indian War. The first floors of both structures were laid with wide boards over improvised insulation (broken stone and clay between sleepers hewn on top and bottom). The original wall baluster rail from the first floor to the garret is still in place."

In building the annex, one partition between the large second-story rooms was made with boards, and nearly all of it was suspended by hinges attached to overhead joists. This made provision for swinging almost the full width of the partition to the ceiling and suspending it with hooks, thus

making two rooms ready for use as one room for devotional purposes. Although tenants since that day have covered the partition with wallpaper, the traces of the early hinges remain. This same care for providing for the church services was also used in some of the homes in the Flat Rock section of the Valley of Virginia.

In 1752, about two years before William Stover came from the Conococheague congregation, two preachers came from the Conestoga section of York County. These men, George Adam Martin and Bishop Abraham Stouffer, were very active in preaching the tenets of the Brethren. Stouffer had been ordained by Elder Peter Becker, the first Brethren elder in America. In 1752 Bishop Stouffer organized the East Conococheague congregation. He was its head and leader for a few years before his failing health forced him to give up the work and return to York County. Before he left the newly organized congregation he laid the hands of ordination upon the head of young William Stover and thus appointed him bishop-in-charge.

To have been given this responsibility at the early age of thirty-five years speaks well for William. To secure the vote of confidence required to give him this high office, he must have possessed recognizable ability. His responsibility extended through the present Franklin County down into Washington County, Maryland, just south of the border, and as far west as the new settlement at Cumberland, Maryland. He faithfully carried on this work until his death in 1800.

To farm his rolling hills and valleys and then ride horseback from preaching point to point over a territory roughly some thirty-five miles broad and fifty miles long required real stamina. He received no salary and no money for his traveling expenses. The center of his field was on the Antietam, with services being held in the large homes of the German members and at times in the summer overflowing into the more commodious barns. Many of those barns which well

over a hundred years ago resounded to the hymns, prayers, and sermons of those pious people who formed the foundations of the church of the present are still in use. To be surrounded and seen by the domestic animals of the farm must have at times brought to their minds the lowly animals that surrounded our Lord at His birth. It may be that Bishop Stover was not unmindful of the "upper room" in Jerusalem when he established the large upper room in his spacious dwelling.

Bishop Stover and his people were not opposed to the building of church edifices; but the French and Indian wars, soon to be followed by the Revolutionary War, must of necessity have delayed them in this matter. Later, when a church was erected in 1795 upon the ground given by John Price, he preached the dedicatory sermon. We are informed that the German hymn entitled "Gross ist unsers Gottes Guete" (Great Is Our Father's Goodness) was sung.

Unfortunately, William Stover was not destined to worship long in the church he helped to build and over which he presided. His son Daniel, who was born in Franklin County in 1757, was ordained to the ministry about 1800 and served the church faithfully until his death in 1862.

Under the ministry of William Stover the name *Conococheague* was changed to the *First Day German Baptist Congregation in Antietam*. The denominational name was changed to distinguish the Brethren from the Seventh Day Baptists, who were making inroads in the Antietam section of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

William Stover and his wife, the former Judith Schaeffer, reared a family of twelve children. Of these, nine were born on the Stover plantation. All married well, most of them marrying into families of the Brethren faith. There are many descendants of this couple. One son, George, was married twice and was the father of twenty-one children. After practicing medicine in Franklin County, in 1795 he moved to the Shenandoah Valley, north of Roanoke, Virginia, where he

brought up nineteen of the children. Dr. B. Franklin Royer offered an interesting thought, the validity of which remains to be proved or disproved by the genealogical links yet to be constructed: "Virginians seem to think our Bishop William Stover was a near relative of Pioneer Jacob Stover and one of his descendants who sired Ida Stover, mother of President Dwight D. Eisenhower."

William Stover was concerned with agriculture most of his life, and at one time owned eight hundred acres of land. In 1789 he appointed his land holdings to his six sons. He was also the owner of a tanning yard. Along with other members of his family, he is buried on the old plantation where he lived and labored for his Lord and Master.

a layman of distinction

APPROXIMATELY one mile north of the Flat Rock church, and a short distance south of the village of Forestville, Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley, is an interesting eight-room house. Occupied today, and in good condition, it stands on the east side of the busily traveled highway, some two hundred yards from the road. For nearly two centuries this house has stood. Many have entered its doors; many have called it home. Its history has been closely interwoven with that of the community, and especially with that of the Brethren.

As far as is known, this house was built by Michael Wine in 1782, soon after his coming to the wooded hills of Shenandoah County. According to the custom in those days, it was built by the side of a never-failing spring. Springs in pioneer days frequently motivated the choices of building sites. The cool water, over which was usually erected a springhouse, furnished all the summer refrigeration our pioneer forefathers knew.

Let us roll back the years and take a look at Michael Wine, a man who made an outstanding and distinctive place for himself among the Brethren and laid a solid foundation on which successive generations could build. In his excellent book, *The Wine Family in America*, Jacob David Wine of Forestville says: "In the Bible of Michael Wine his birth-date is given as May 27, 1747. Accordingly he would be only three months past two years when he landed in America. In a deed made to Joseph Moore in 1805 (then at age 58) his name was

written in German, 'Michael Wein.' It should be remembered that many names in one language are frequently difficult to pronounce in another language and [hence] the changing of the spelling from one language to another."

Elder John Wine, a descendant of Michael Wine, said that there was a family tradition that the reason for Michael Wine and Elders Samuel and Martin Garber and Jacob Miller leaving Maryland in 1782 was that their property had been confiscated. This was done by the authorities because these men remained true to the nonresistant principles of their church in the Revolutionary War, then raging. The Brethren suffered many hardships because of those principles. To stand up for them required great sacrifices. To leave the known for the unknown, to hew out for themselves homes in the virgin wilderness where hard work would soon necessitate a burial plot on some cleared hilltop — all this was well known and no doubt was given serious consideration.

It must be remembered that when the early settlers came to the Valley of Virginia they were practically cut off from the rest of the world. The "Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe" came to the mountaintop and looked into the valleys to the west but hesitated to brave the dangers of the unknown wilderness. Not so with the Brethren. There were no daily papers (in fact, a weekly was a rarity), no telephones, no telegraphs, no railroads, and for many years no stagecoaches. Two ways of travel were theirs — afoot and on horseback, for the roads were only trails. No wonder that the occasional travelers or hunters, as they came by, were welcomed with wide-open arms. If they were headed east toward the older settlements, they carried letters to those remaining behind; if going west, they brought the news. The settlers in the Shenandoah Valley had little communication with the rest of the state or with Maryland or Pennsylvania, from which they had come. What went on in other sections was little known to them.

Historian J. D. Wine says: "When the government of Virginia signed a treaty with the Indians that they would not cross the Blue Ridge Mountains to make settlements, it practically isolated the Valley from that part of the colony east of the Blue Ridge for a number of years. Of course, as counties were organized in the Valley the county courts and other officers had to communicate now and then with Williamsburg."

The "Pennsylvania Dutch," under the treaties made by



The Michael Wine Home

William Penn, were not opposed by the Indians when they desired to come down through the Cumberland Valley in Maryland into the Valley of Virginia. The Quakers and the Moravian missionaries raised money and, when the Indian owners could be learned, paid them in some way for their lands.

The Brethren had the friendship of the Indians for about twenty years. In 1754, the Indians left the Shenandoah Valley, moving westward to the Ohio Valley. Here, stirred up by the

French, they made war on the English settlements. During the next seven years or more they made frequent forays against the heretofore-peaceful valley, perpetrating numerous massacres. Many families fled eastward across the Blue Ridge to escape the bloody war parties.

It requires considerable imagination to picture the wild country as it was when Michael Wine came from Frederick County, Maryland, to this section of Virginia. As far as the eye could see, there was timber. The ridges as well as the valleys were covered with it. As to fields, they were few. Just to the south was a long, high ridge known by the early settlers as Timber Ridge, the origin of the name being obvious. Today, some of the most beautiful mountain views in this section of the Valley may be seen here. Long ago the ridge was cleared of its virgin timber. Both sides are now dotted by farm lands and numerous homes, thousands of turkeys and broilers being raised for the market. To the east and the southeast may be seen the mountains back of New Market, with the gap through which the road passes. To the southwest are the mountains, through which Brock's Gap may be readily viewed. To the northwest, in serrated ridges, extend the Shenandoah Mountains. These were just as beautiful when the first settlers came but presented a challenge more than a view to be admired leisurely.

Little may be known of our pioneer ancestors at times apart from their work. Written records were few, and many times what there were were lost. Michael Wine, so far as the writer knows, was a layman. The laity have from time to time been given a secondary place, without it being realized that their labors and sacrifices have many a time made possible the successes of the clergy.

The things this man is known to have done give us an insight into his character. Again we turn to the pages of *The Wine Family in America*. "On April 3, 1782, Michael Wine purchased of John Nicewanger, 228 acres of land, a portion

of a 428 acre tract granted to Thomas Holman in 1750 by the Right Honorable Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, Proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia. A tax of a shilling was paid yearly to Lord Fairfax."

Inasmuch as the Michael Wine house is outstanding even by today's standards, it must have been one of the show places when it was built in 1782. Yet it was not built alone for the Wine family. He had a vision of its being used by the Brethren, and so it was. In most of the homes hereabouts the Brethren held religious services from time to time. When the Wine home was constructed it was so built that the entire lower story with the exception of the kitchen could be thrown into one room. This was done by hanging partitions to the joists by means of heavy hinges. When the lower edges of the partitions were raised they were hooked up to the other joists, making a room of sufficient size to care for the worshippers.

Michael Wine's home for many years was a regular preaching place in the community. Later the home of Martin Garber was used as an alternate. Soon after 1802, Michael's son John and his daughter, Barbara Wine Moyer (Myers), following the example of their father, constructed homes large enough to be used for purposes of worship. Since the monthly service was rotated from home to home among these four families, each home was used every sixteen weeks. Inasmuch as it was the custom for the host to feed everyone present, not excluding their horses, even the sixteen-week interval may have placed something of a burden upon the home owner. Yet there come down to us few, if any, complaints. This was a service of love that was gladly rendered. Homes were used until 1841, when the Flat Rock church was built just a short distance south of the Wine home.

In 1798 a large meeting of the Brethren was held in the Michael Wine home. While there are differences of opinion

as to the exact date of the meeting, some recently found records indicate that it was held on October 30. Considering the location, there must have been a good attendance, for one of the Brethren, who had come from the settlement in what is now Hardy County, West Virginia, said that "there were so many present that they ought to have preaching both upstairs and downstairs."

These were people of stout hearts who chopped down the virgin timber, and burned the logs following the "log rolling," to make way for fields and gardens. On these fields and gardens they depended for their livelihood. A crop failure was a serious matter. They made most of their household furniture and many of their kitchen utensils. Nearly every farm had a blacksmith shop in which many of their rude farming implements were made. Flax and hemp were raised and spun into cloth by the busy housewives and the daughters. Wool from their sheep was likewise processed.

J. D. Wine gives an account of the stamina of these people: "In those days it took men with stout hearts, fixed purpose and strong, skillful hands to meet and overcome the many obstacles with which they had to contend. The little communication they had with the older communities from which they had come required time and toil. The story is told of Barbara Garber, mother of Elders Samuel and Martin Garber, that upon several occasions she walked back to Maryland and Pennsylvania on a visit. The roundtrip was nearly 400 miles. This was no solitary instance. In 1800, the Rev. John Brown walked from Pennsylvania to Rockingham County, Virginia. In 1802 Ambrose Henkel walked from the Forest to Hagerstown, Maryland, to learn the Printing business with John Gruber, the famous Almanac-maker. Other similar instances could be found."

The young people of the Flat Rock neighborhood not only accepted the living conditions of the time in good spirits, but they also turned them to their own enjoyment. It is said that

they thought little or nothing of walking to Timberville, along with their middle-aged relatives, to attend a preaching service and then walking back home for dinner — a distance of ten or twelve miles.

Michael Wine made his will on June 11, 1821. In 1822 he was visiting with his daughter, Elizabeth Wine Arnold, wife of Elder Daniel Arnold, in what is now Mineral County, West Virginia, when he became ill and died.

The Michael Wine family has a record of which to be proud. Their common ancestor, a layman of distinction, shared fully in the pioneer life of the Shenandoah Valley with its hardships and rewards, its sorrows and joys, and played a strategic part in the establishment of the Brethren faith in that area. Among his numerous descendants are outstanding farmers, educators, ministers of the gospel, and business and professional men and women. Among them are listed over one hundred thirty ministers, by far the larger number of whom have been or are Brethren. Inasmuch as the tree may be judged by the fruit it bears, may we not likewise judge the "family tree" by the fruit it bears?

the influence of a pamphlet

WHEN THE VERSATILE JONATHAN HAGER, in the early 1740's, came over the eastern mountain wall and looked down on the tree-covered valley of the Antietam, he could not have had any idea as to what the future might bring. Here in Washington County, Maryland, over a free-flowing spring near a branch of the Antietam, he built his stone house. He trapped, traded with the Indians, and was an aid — because of his many skills, such as rifle-making — to those hardy adventurers pressing on toward the West.

The village which Hager laid out in 1762 was eventually named Hagerstown. At that time he could not know that his settlement would become important to both the nation as a whole and to one segment of its population to be known as the Brethren. Hagerstown grew rapidly, and, during the War Between the States, when the armies of the Union and those of the Confederacy marched and countermarched, it was a thriving village of possibly fifteen hundred souls. Today, a prosperous city of just under forty thousand people and with growing suburbs on all sides, it is called the Hub City because of its strategic location with roads leading in various directions.

Among the many Lutheran families who came to Hagerstown before the Revolutionary War was a very devout family named Nead. The father, a tanner by trade, found much demand for his skill here in this growing community on the western edge of civilization. He prospered in business,

and, as was the custom of the well-to-do of the day, he owned slaves. With little trouble and small expense he reared his four sons, Mathias, Daniel, John, and Peter.

Of special concern to us in this sketch is Peter, who was born at Hagerstown on January 7, 1796. Whereas Mathias became an adherent of the Lutheran faith and Daniel and John affiliated with the Brethren, Peter became a Methodist when he was a young man. In his chosen church he became a class leader, with the privilege of preaching whenever there was an opportunity. He became very active in this work and carried it on with marked vigor. Having been given a good education, he used it effectively.

The Nead family later moved to Frederick County, Virginia. Many people were settling there, while many others were pushing on past it to the states farther south and southwest. In this new location, Peter clerked in a store, taught school in the winters, and carried on his work as a Methodist leader.

On December 20, 1825, Peter was married to Elizabeth Yount, a daughter of Daniel Yount of Rockingham County, Virginia, a prominent member of the Brethren Church. Living in Frederick County, the young couple made occasional visits to Mrs. Nead's parents, and, in 1840, moved to Rockingham County. Here they lived for two and a half years. Then, listening to the voices of others, they located in Botetourt County, remaining there until 1848. At that time the call of the West became so strong that they moved to the Miami Valley of Ohio. Settling on a farm about seven miles northwest of Dayton, they lived there until his death.

Despite all his work in the church of which he was a member, Peter Nead still experienced a feeling of uncertainty and the lack of something for which his soul was longing. Perhaps it may be laid to the hand of Providence that one day a pamphlet written by Elder Benjamin Bowman of Virginia came to his attention. In this pamphlet the doctrines of the

New Testament as the Brethren believed and practiced them were stated. What Peter found in this pamphlet seemed to be the answer to the longing which had filled his heart.

But where in his area were the Brethren to be found? After some inquiry he located them, attended one of their love feasts, and listened to their preaching. Then, following a period of much study and reflection, he applied for membership. The Brethren received him cordially, permitting him to fill all engagements made before he became a member of their church. His abilities were quickly recognized and he was called to be a minister. In those days most Brethren preaching was in German; but the English-speaking membership was increasing and men who could preach in English were in demand. Peter Nead so well filled that demand that he became known as "the English preacher."

However, preaching was not enough to satisfy his ambitions; he was also interested in writing. In 1833 he published his first book, *Primitive Christianity*, the printing of it being done in Staunton, Virginia. Containing one hundred thirty-eight pages and bound in leather, this book enjoyed a wide circulation and did much good in that day when books were scarce and were highly prized. In 1845 he published a second work, a book of one hundred thirty-one pages, in which he discussed "baptism for the remission of sins, faith alone, prayerless doctrine, the present state of the world, corrupted Christendom and the true church of Christ." In 1850 he published his best known book, which did much to shape the thinking of many of the Brethren leaders. Entitled *Theological Writings on Various Subjects*, it was a volume of four hundred seventy-two pages. There remain, as collectors' items, only a few copies of this title. He published one more book, *Wisdom and Power of God, as Displayed in Creation and Redemption*. It contained three hundred fifty-two pages.

Of special interest to the Brethren is Peter Nead's attitude toward the colored people. In those days much significance

was placed on the color of one's skin and it was generally not thought wrong to own slaves. Nead thought otherwise, and on May 14, 1843, baptized a thirty-one-year-old former slave.

This Negro, Samuel Weir, was born in Bath County, Virginia, on April 12, 1812. When he was twelve years old he was sold by his master, William Byrd, to Andrew McClure for two hundred eighty dollars. Samuel served the McClure family faithfully for nineteen years. At the end of that time he was set free although McClure could have sold him for fifteen hundred dollars on the slave market. The story of his liberation has become a part of the lore of the Brethren.

While Weir was a slave of the McClures he was treated as one of the family and was the companion of their twelve-year-old son. When this lad fell from a horse and was killed, the parents were heartbroken. As a result of their loss they began to take stock of their spiritual condition. Applying to the Brethren for membership, they were told that as slaveholders they could not be accepted into the Brethren fellowship. Upon learning this, they gave Weir his freedom and also some material assistance as he adjusted to his new circumstances. So impressed was Weir with their Christian spirit and conduct that he too applied for membership in the church.

Knowing that the life of a freedman in Virginia was likely to be a difficult one, Samuel Weir went to Ohio within a year after being set free. Here he was called to the Brethren ministry by the Paint Creek church in August 1849. Wishing to share his spiritual values with his own people, he opened a mission for them in Frankfort. Although he worked faithfully for his Lord among the Negroes, it was sixteen years before he had the joy of winning his first converts. In 1872 the church authorized him to baptize and to conduct the marriage ceremony. Nine years later he was ordained to the eldership by Elders Thomas Major and Landon West. His death occurred on March 15, 1884. Peter Nead's kindly interest in

the young colored man had paid big dividends in the currency of the Kingdom.

But Nead's connection with Samuel Weir was only one of his many contributions to the life of the Brethren; his writings have already been mentioned and their influence evaluated. Those who knew him said that he was endowed with an unusually strong body, a clear, keen mind, and well-established work habits. It was his custom to rise at three o'clock, eat a morsel of dry bread, then study or write until six. He claimed that at this time his mind was fresh and clear and he could accomplish more than at any other time of the day. His writings would indicate some such devotion. He was unusually punctual in his work, insisting at all times that every engagement must be met, whether it might be with a congregation to preach, with a friend who sought him for counsel, or with a man wishing to consult him on business.

As a minister he is said to have been well supplied with talent and ability. His voice was such that in those days without sound-amplification aids of any kind he was able to address large audiences with ease. He had memorized much of the Bible and this stood him in good stead in his pulpit work. And he was gifted with a large measure of tact. For twenty-seven years he was well known in the Lower Stillwater congregation of southern Ohio. Many looked upon him as a spiritual father and sought his counsel. His face was familiar upon the platform in district conferences, and twelve times he was chosen as a member of the important policy-making Standing Committee of the Annual Meeting. His great concern was for the purity of the church, and any innovation or departure from the customs and ways of the fathers received little sympathy from him. He is thought to have been largely instrumental in the starting of the *Vindicator*, the monthly publication of the Old German Baptist Church. He was faithful to the ministry to the end of his life. It is related that at the close of his last sermon he sat down and then arose and

said, "It may be that this will be the last time you will hear my stammering voice in this church." Just three weeks later, in March 1877, he was laid to rest in the Happy Corner cemetery.

Probably no one living today saw Peter Nead or heard him preach. Yet his name, along with that of Benjamin Bowman and that of Samuel Weir, is remembered and honored by those who are familiar with the influences which have shaped the development of our church.

Let us suppose that Elder Bowman had not taken the time to prepare that little pamphlet many years before in Virginia. Who can estimate what would have been lost to the Brethren had he felt that producing this pamphlet would be a waste of energy, time, and money? Like the results of a stone thrown into quiet waters, the waves of influence have spread until they have either reached the shore or become lost in the deep.

It was a long way from Hagerstown, on the western fringe of civilization, down through the Valley of Virginia and on to the rolling hills and the beautiful valley of the Miami in Ohio. Yet in Peter Nead's traversing of that distance many were contacted and influenced who in turn carried the torch which had been lighted for him when he found and studied the pamphlet which explained the beliefs of the Brethren.

the bishop of the monocacy

THE SUMMER SUN mottled the ground under the trees as we walked through the west gate of the Rocky Ridge cemetery. Rocky Ridge is a small village astride the hard road a few miles east of Thurmont, Maryland. Just inside the gate are two graves. As we stood there, the ground seemed to be hallowed by the unseen presence of some of the great servants of other years. At this spot, in June 1885, had stood Elder James Quinter, then president of Juniata College, Elder E. W. Stoner of Union Bridge, and Andrew Hutchinson, the "walking Bible," officiating at the last rites of one of the outstanding Brethren of not only his own generation but also of other generations — Daniel P. Sayler. Here in simple dignity rests one who traveled not only throughout his own state, Maryland, but also roamed far afield wherever there were Brethren; one whose life was unselfishly devoted to the advancement of the Kingdom of the Lord whom he loved.

Elder D. P. Sayler belonged to the fourth generation in the line of the Sayler family in America, his great-grandfather having come over from Switzerland and settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was baptized in the Conestoga church by Michael Pfoutz. Later on he moved to Frederick County, Maryland, on Beaver Dam Creek, to a log hut that had been built the previous fall. Daniel P. Sayler's grandfather, Elder Daniel Sayler, was an able minister and missionary and did much to build up the church from Conestoga to the Blackwater district of Virginia. Daniel Sayler, the father of

Daniel P., was an exceptional man. There seemed to be nothing in the realm of mechanics that he could not do; he was also a fair German scholar and a farmer. His wife was Mary S. Simmons, who lived from 1773 until 1861. They were members of the Beaver Dam Brethren church.

The subject of this chapter was born on June 23, 1811, on Red Levels near Beaver Dam. It is likely that he secured what schooling he could at Good-Intent. He was not unlike many of the young men of his day. The untamed fires of youth led to a wildness which at times brought despair to the godly parents and the grandfather. Their patient helpfulness played a very important part in changing the life pattern of the wayward youth.

There were also other forces for good, among which was the wise and loving help of his young wife, Sara, the daughter of Richard Root. She had been the widow of Samuel Smith, with whom Daniel had worked in the Root mill, which they had leased. Daniel and Sara were married in 1833. This brilliant and godly woman, while she never became a member of the Brethren Church, had much to do with the shaping of the life and the career of her husband. To them were born three children: Mary, Margaret, and Anna.

There was deep joy in the hearts of many when, on August 20, 1837, Daniel entered the stream on the David Stitley farm near the Beaver Dam church and was baptized by Elder John Garber. Because he was strong in his convictions it took no little persuasion to convince him of the need of baptism and especially of submission to the form by which it was administered by the Brethren. However, when he was once convinced there was no changing. After he finally yielded his life to the Spirit of God, there came forth a man of great power. He must have shown promise even at this early age, for three years later he was called to the ministry.

Daniel Sayler walked not only with men in the common walks of life, whom he understood well, but also with men

who occupied the highest places in the political life of the nation. Among them were Presidents Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and Abraham Lincoln.

We do not know how the young preacher first came in contact with Lincoln. Could it have been in listening to Lincoln in the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois, which he followed from city to city? He spent much time in the Lincoln home in Illinois. Perhaps the friendship established there was carried over into the White House.

There is a story which says that Elder Sayler accompanied one of his friends who was to interview Lincoln concerning an appointment. When the business of the friend was attended to, Lincoln turned to Daniel P. and inquired:

"And, Bishop, what do you want?"

"Nothing," replied Daniel P.

"Then I commission you to preach the gospel," said the President.

There were numerous conferences with Lincoln, some of which brought much criticism upon the head of Elder Sayler. It must be remembered that in those days the Brethren looked with disfavor upon voting. They were also nonresistant and in opposition to many of the war policies of the government. Sayler was an adviser to Lincoln regarding the planning for a place for the Brethren in the war.

The famous military draft order of August 4, 1862, brought near-rebellion in some Northern cities. In connection with its formulation, Sayler had advised in the making of the provisions for the "peace" people. A copy of the certificate which was devised follows:

"Monocacy Church, Frederick County, Maryland, September 14, 1862.

"This is to certify that the bearer _____ is a baptized member in full fellowship and communion with the German Baptist Church which teaches and practices the doctrine of self-denial, of non-resistance, doing violence

to no man, overcoming evil with good, . . . and therefore is conscientiously scrupulous about bearing of arms and humbly prays to be exempt from military duty.

"It is further certified that the bearer is a true and loyal citizen and will faithfully perform all other duties of a citizen by paying tribute, etc.

"Daniel P. Sayler, Ordained Elder in charge."

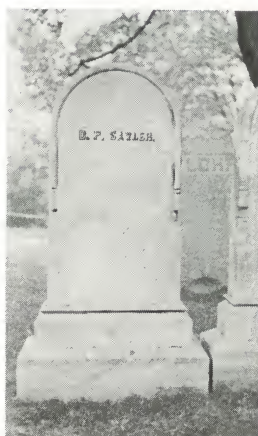
When Sayler called at the White House and assured President Lincoln of the sympathy of the Brethren, he was taken severely to task by some of the members for presuming to speak for them. There were clashes of equally strong personalities in those days. Daniel P. Sayler and John Kline had had a conference with President Millard Fillmore as early as 1853 on the slavery question.

Sayler realized that an individual could not separate himself entirely from the government which overshadowed and protected him; so when the time came to cast the ballot he did so with little publicity.

If a thing seemed right to Elder Sayler, everything else was secondary. He trusted God for the future. This was indicated one day when he was seated in a store some weeks previous to the time of the election of Lincoln to the presidency. He listened to various men discuss the burning questions of the day. Some supported Stephen A. Douglas, others supported various other candidates such as Bell and Breckenridge, while a few supported Lincoln. Finally one of the men turned to Brother Sayler, who had been a silent listener, and asked: "Bishop Sayler, what do you think?"

His reply came quickly and forcibly: "Gentlemen, on election day you are going to hear the voice of God Almighty saying, 'Abraham, Abraham.' And then you will hear an answer from Abraham saying, 'Here am I.'" That ended the discussion but it showed how Elder Sayler was able to look into the future and foresee the outcome of an election which was the turning point in American history.

One day when Saylor, then a young man, was at a funeral of one to whom Elder John Garber was too closely related to do the preaching, Elder Garber called Jacob Saylor and Daniel P. aside. He said to Jacob, "You preach in German and Daniel in English." Jacob made his remarks short and then young Daniel was called upon. Without opening his Bible he read, "I am the resurrection and the life." He then proceeded to preach one of the most eloquent sermons the congregation had ever heard. His eloquence and force surprised the audience.



The Saylor Gravestone

This was only the beginning of his growing strength. Within two years after he began preaching, ninety-two persons had been added to the Beaver Dam church. He was a man of strong convictions.

As a preacher, he was direct, and it was not an uncommon thing for people to become offended at his preaching and declare that they would never listen to him again. Yet when he came back they were inevitably there. He preached frequently at Mechanicstown, now Thurmont. One day a young preacher was told by Elder Saylor, "You will preach today." The young man objected; but as Saylor took a back seat in the room he did his best. The sermon was short and there was not much to it otherwise. Elder Saylor arose when it was finished and began to preach as he walked toward the platform; by the time he got there he was going in full force. He said, "These young preachers are afraid to come out to tell men of their sins." But he wanted them to know that he was not. The congregation long remembered how he lashed it.

One of the prominent writers over eighty years ago was

M. M. Eshelman. He said this of the founder of the Rocky Ridge church: "Where the meeting-house now stands, there was an old dirty log school-house, in which no man had ever opened his mouth for Christ. Here Bro. Sayler, with his usual vigor and energy, held forth the word of life, and in his later years had the pleasure of often meeting a goodly number of saints in prayer and praise in the new church-house which supplanted the old dingy educational institution."

Elder Sayler preached in numerous schoolhouses in this section of Maryland. Many of these became the foundations of future churches. In reviewing the labors of his younger days he was made to wonder how he endured it, and how his physical frame could bear up under so much mental effort and all kinds of exposure.

He made many long missionary journeys to the churches of the Brethren, not only in Maryland and the neighboring states but also as far west as Indiana and Illinois. As the horse was his only means of conveyance, it required much time to travel the distances involved. One time, in company with Elder John Umstead, he made a visit of eight weeks in western Pennsylvania and another of the same length in Virginia. Old letters which have recently come to light give evidence of his visiting with Elder George Shaver in the work of the Woodstock congregation in the Valley of Virginia. One can readily picture the two aged elders, Shaver and Sayler, sitting in the evening on the east porch of the home now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. John F. Locke, watching the stars come out over the mountain in the foreground and discussing the weighty problems of the day as they affected the Brethren. From here he also went from time to time to the John Kline home near Broadway, Virginia, where again the mountains kept their silent vigil upon the two elders as they made plans for the advancement of the work which rested heavily upon their hearts.

On one of the trips made by Sayler and Umstead to

Virginia, Umstead provided the horse and the wagon. On this, as well as on other trips, they bore all the traveling expenses, receiving nothing from anyone, save fifty cents which an old Virginia brother gave them. On one trip Elder Sayler had the privilege of attending twelve love feasts. When he attended Annual Meeting he always paid his expenses out of his own money, whether he was sent or not. His generosity has been well summed up thus: "It cannot be said of him that he took from the poor, but it can well be said that through him the poor had the gospel preached to them. He endeavored not to be burdensome to his brethren, being blessed with worldly goods; and while he sought to be free in this respect, was indeed liberal with the needy. Ministers who came into his congregation, and were in need, seldom went away empty, especially if they had sown good seed."

Bishop Sayler's interests were not confined to the church of which he was a member. He sometimes aided in the construction of churches of other denominations. It was his pleasure and perhaps pride when riding with friends about the countryside to comment when they came to one of these churches, "I helped build that church."

For a man of his day, Daniel Sayler was a prodigious writer. There are numerous "essays," as he styled his writing, still in existence. They deal with the issues of the day which confronted the Brethren, showing their writer to be a man of keen intellect, clear-cut logic, humor, and wide information. He was a contributor of numerous articles to the *Primitive Christian*, the *Vindicator*, and later the *Gospel Messenger*. Bothersome questions were from time to time referred to him for answering through those periodicals. Among his many articles we have one, printed in the *Primitive Christian* sometime in the 1870's, which is very enlightening:

"A sister writes in connection with the fasting question: 'My husband differs a little with the Brethren! [Elder Sayler had written at length upon fasting in a previous article.]

He thinks when Brethren travel preaching, and stop tired and fatigued, over night with the brethren should there be water brought and wash their feet as was done in olden times, etc.’

“Dear Sister, in reply to the question as you put it, ‘I wish to know your mind on it,’ I can only say, that while it was the custom with the ancients to do so, I nowhere find that it was a law that it should be done. From their mode and manner of living, walking barefoot, and with sandals, on all roads in all weather, such an act of hospitality was proper, and no doubt often necessary. Our manner and mode of life has obviated this necessity. But should a ministering brother come to your house to remain over night, or otherwise, and your husband should feel overwhelmed with love to him, and the blessed truths he declares, and to manifest his love by bringing water and washing the brother’s feet or you, the sisters, while there is no law to impose the act upon you, there is none to forbid it; and if you do it, you have the ancient Bible worthies and your own dear primitive brethren to sustain you. By tradition I know that one hundred years ago, and less, my grandfather used to treat the ministering brethren, and my grandmother, the wives and sisters when they came to their home. One time the act was performed upon me by the good old brother with whom I lodged, as well as all the brethren present at the time. The sister, the brother’s wife, performed the same services to the sisters present.

“Now, dear brethren and sisters, I have disposed of your question as best I could; and as you requested me to answer through the *Primitive Christian*, I send it to its editors for inspection; and if they think its publication will stir up controversialists, to consign it to the waste basket at once, and I will be ever grateful, as I hate controversy.”

This answer must have met with the approval of the editors, for it was printed as given above. Many of Elder Saylor’s essays, however, were not received with complete

approval and there followed letters to those who were uncertain as to their acceptableness.

He often wrote answers to Annual Meeting queries. Perhaps one that would have just as well not been written was the set of Mandatory Resolutions which caused much excitement, heartache, and eventual division by their passage at Arnold's Grove in 1882. Time has given us a different viewpoint on many things which in those days were very close to and very important to our Brethren forefathers.

Elder Sayler was the first leader of the church in eastern Maryland to advocate the Sunday school. Up to the time of his death, the Monocacy church had a well-conducted church school. He was a mixture of conservatism and progressivism. In many ways he was far ahead of the church of which he was a member and which he loved deeply.

This trait was demonstrated in 1850, soon after his ordination, when a Mrs. Adams applied for membership in the church. A slaveholder, she agreed to free all her slaves in coming into the church. Grateful for their freedom, they in turn followed her into the church through baptism. Thus the Maryland Brethren had colored members on their rolls for many years. A strong antislavery man, Elder Sayler did not hesitate to baptize slaves even though personal threats were made against him.

As often as possible — and that was most of the time — he attended the Annual Conferences, despite the difficulties of travel involved. At the Conferences he had fellowship with such stalwart friends and leaders as John Kline, Peter Nead, Daniel Hays, Henry Kurtz, Philip Boyle, James Quinter, and John Metzger.

He frequently was a member of some committee appointed by the Conference for some special responsibility. In 1859 he served on a committee with John Kline, John Metzger, and James Quinter to prepare a plan for the preaching of the gospel in new fields. He was not only blessed with

executive ability, but he possessed powers as an organizer and investigator, and usually cut straight through to the truth. He served on committees which were sent into churches in Tennessee, New Jersey, and Illinois to aid in settling difficulties which had arisen. His native ability and quickness of thought well qualified him for such tasks. He served on the Standing Committee twenty times, and in 1862 he was the chief clerk. In 1877, at New Enterprise, Pennsylvania, he served as the moderator of the Conference.

Elder Sayler had a keen sense of humor which often saved the day for him and put across his point, which otherwise might have been defeated. One instance was related to a question which came before Conference as to the propriety of publishing full reports of the Conferences. Some delegates considered it better to omit the names of the speakers. After a long and tiresome — and perhaps pointless — harangue, the matter came up for decision. This was just the time that Elder Sayler was waiting for. At the conclusion of the speech he arose in his dignity and said, "Brethren, I am in favor of having the names attached to the speeches, on account of the speech just made. I don't want everybody in the whole Brotherhood to think that speech was made by Daniel P. Sayler." This was the clincher and the people realized it.

That his sense of humor was helpful to him in handling his personal affairs and those of the church was well demonstrated one winter when he suspected that someone was stealing meat from his smokehouse. One dark night he discovered that two men were in the smokehouse. One was overhead handing the meat down while the other was receiving it and stacking it on the ground to be carried away. The man on the ground, sensing that someone was near, hurriedly left. Elder Sayler quietly took his place and received the pieces. After a time the man overhead said, "We had better not take any more. The old buzzard might miss them." Then, to the surprise of the thief, the elder spoke up: "Now

just put these pieces up where they belong. Go home, both of you, and sleep. Come back tomorrow and go to work as usual and nothing will be said about tonight." The men did as advised; later both of them became active church workers.

Friends of Elder Sayler urged him to become a candidate to the Constitutional Convention in 1864. This he refused to do, realizing that he could do more for his people in the type of leadership which he had chosen. Being a strong Union man, he could have had many supporters. Nevertheless, there would have been those of different opinions who would likely have been alienated from the church had he done as requested by these well-meaning friends.

Having sold his mill property in September 1853, he bought a farm at Double Pipe Creek (now Detour), and moved to it in April 1854. His new home was on a high bluff overlooking the beautiful valley. It was always open to the traveling Brethren and was a pleasant resort for them. It requires little imagination to visualize the leaders of other days, such as John Kline and George Shaver of Virginia and James Quinter of Pennsylvania sitting on the spacious veranda discussing the weighty problems confronting the church as they watched the sun disappear beyond the mountain back of Thurmont. The old stone house still stands, a structure of beauty, which, not considering earthquakes or unusual demonstrations of nature, will be standing watch over the valley for many, many years yet to come. Could this house only speak, the history of the Brethren would be greatly enriched by what it could tell.

Elder Sayler's first wife died in November 1874. Two years later he was married to Sarah Rohrer, who was born and reared near the Welty church in Washington County. Thirty-two years younger than her husband, she survived him twenty years. Three children were born to them, the two sons dying in infancy; the daughter, Elizabeth, was born in July 1884 when her father was seventy-three years old. She

married W. E. Bower of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, now deceased. There are two children, Rachel Bower and Daniel P. Sayler Bower, a Methodist minister.

During his final extended illness, Elder Sayler commented: "Life was never a burden to me. I enjoyed it, and although I am patiently awaiting release from this mortal body, yet were it the Lord's will that I should recover, I would take up life's duties with my long experience in its trials, and go to work in my Master's vineyard as cheerfully as when in youth, not at all daunted with the hard rebuffs, reproaches, and unkindness attendant upon an earnest worker for Christ."

Of the many eulogies written after his death in June 1885, we share parts of only two. One is from that noble churchman from Broadway, Virginia, Elder Daniel Hays: "When he arose to address an audience, he was a marvel of strength of utterance and in the majesty of his personality. See that massive brow! A frown, not of anger but of conscious power, gleamed from under its expressive form. Mark those firm, full, well-set lips from which flowed waves of stern, wholesome, argumentative truths. What freedom in the use of words! What ponderous sentences in a voice deep, clear, sweeping, as the wind passing through the forest, or the deep tones of a great bell.

"Brother Sayler stood alone, and without an equal in his personality. In his towering manhood, as the champion of truth and right, in his firm adherence to the doctrine and principles of the church, rest his moral and spiritual characteristics and strength."

The late Elder J. H. Moore, eloquent of pen, said of him: "Bro. Sayler always impressed me as a man who was made along positive lines. I never knew a man who had more decided convictions on leading questions. . . . He had a very decided way of expressing his views, and was not often misunderstood. He knew how to drive an argument or a truth home with telling force. . . . He had the faculty of seeing

straight through everything presented, and would often get right at the real point desired, and bring it out clearly. . . .”

The mountains look down upon the old stone-walled Rocky Ridge church, as they have done for more than a century. The Monocacy flows through the valley, as it has done for untold ages. And that old soldier of the cross, the Bishop of the Monocacy, rests in the shade of his beloved church awaiting that final reveille.

troubles over slavery

ONE OF THE MOST COSTLY INSTITUTIONS ever thrust upon the American people was that of human slavery. Inasmuch as many of the Brethren settled in two of the leading slaveholding states, Maryland and Virginia, it was inevitable that they would continually come up against problems connected with slavery. The founders of the Brethren Church were to a large degree dispossessed persons who had come to the colonies to secure physical and spiritual freedom. It then could hardly have been otherwise than that they would look with misgivings, if not with actual loathing, upon the enslaving of any individual regardless of race or color.

Not having the records of most of the earliest Annual Conferences, we cannot know just what may have been said or done at them concerning slavery. The problem first shows up in the minutes of the Conference of 1797, held in Blackwater, Virginia, but we would be unfair and shortsighted to assume that this was the first time the matter had been considered. Article One of this Conference goes into a considerable amount of detail as to the manner of dealing with Negroes: "It was considered good, and also concluded unanimously, that no brother or sister should have negroes as slaves; and in case a brother or sister had such he (or she) was to set them free." The person who either bought slaves or would not emancipate any he already had could have no fellowship with the church.

Slavery and related problems were discussed at the

Annual Conference of 1813, held at Coventry, Pennsylvania. One query brought to it was concerned with the holding of slaves. It was unanimously considered that slaveholding was wrong. The minutes go on at some length regarding the matter. Inasmuch as the Brethren were admonished to aid in their education and training, the next step would naturally be in regard to their spiritual status.

What should be done about church membership for Negroes? The first record that we have of this on the minutes of the church is reported from the Annual Meeting in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in 1835. It was not so much a question of receiving them as members as it was of what status should be theirs after they became members. Should they be received and treated like white members? (We know that there were colored members in some of the Maryland churches.) A section of the minutes concerning the answer to the query reads as follows: "It is considered, that inasmuch as the gospel is to be preached to all nations and races, and if they come as repentant sinners, believing in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and apply for baptism, we could not confidently refuse them." If they proved faithful they were treated upon a full-membership basis.

When the Annual Meeting was held in Roanoke, Virginia, in 1845, problems related to slavery again came up for consideration. The action was not basically different from that of the Annual Meeting of ten years before. However, there was added another matter which was causing much trouble: What should the Brethren do about hiring slaves from their masters? This was a common practice in the slave territories. For various reasons, many citizens of the Valley of Virginia would contract from year to year with the slaveowners from the eastern section of the state for the services of their slaves. This was usually done at the beginning of a calendar year and became such an accepted and established practice that New Year's Day came to be known as "slave hiring day." In

the Valley there were some members of the Brethren Church who, though not owning slaves, thought that it was permissible to hire them from those who did own them. Yet from the earliest date the most of the Brethren stood uncompromisingly in opposition to this traffic in human lives in whatever form it took. The Roanoke Annual Conference said in answer to the above-mentioned query that "it would be best for a follower of Jesus Christ to have nothing at all to do with slavery."



The Old Slave Block, Sharpsburg, Maryland

Problems related to slavery came up so often at the Annual Meetings and were of such importance that we give in detail the action taken by a special committee which met at the old Linville Creek church in 1855.

"Rockingham County, Virginia, March 2, 1855.

"We, the Brethren of Augusta, Upper and Lower Rockingham, Shenandoah and Hardy counties having in general council meeting assembled at the church on Linville

Creek; and having under consideration the following questions concerning those Brethren holding slaves at this time and who have not complied with the requisition of Annual Meeting of 1854, conclude 1. That they make speedy preparation to liberate them either by emancipation or by will, that this evil may be banished from among us, as we look upon slavery as dangerous to be tolerated in the church; it is tending to create disunion in the Brotherhood, and is a great injury to the cause of Christ and the progress of the church. So unitedly we exhort our brethren humbly, yet earnestly and lovingly, to clear themselves of slavery, and that they may not fail and come short of the glory of God, at the great and notable day of the Lord.

“Furthermore, concerning Brethren who hire a slave or slaves, and paying wages to their owners, we do not approve of it. The same is attended with evil which is combined with slavery. It is taking hold of the same evil which we cannot encourage, and should be banished and put from among us, and cannot be tolerated in the church.

“Brethren present:

“Ordained Elders. Benjamin Bowman, Daniel Yount, John Kline, John Wine, John Harshberger, George Shaver, Daniel Brower, Jacob Brower, Selectine Whitmore. Ministers. Abraham Knupp, Martin Miller, Solomon Garber, Joseph Miller, Jacob Miller, Daniel Thomas, John Brindel, David Kline, John Miller, Christian Wine, Martin Garber, John Neff and John Wine.”

Despite these strong decisions, slavery continued to plague the Virginia churches. Some of the Brethren, likely witnessing the apparent profits of their slaveholding neighbors, found that it was not always easy to abide by the councils of the church. The next year, in September of 1856, the matter came to the forefront again. Once more the Brethren met at the Linville Creek church. John Kline states in his notes that

it was "a very delicate matter to act upon in the present sensitive condition of public feeling over slavery. But it is the aim of the Brethren here not to offend popular feeling, so long as that feeling does not attempt any interference with what they regard and hold sacred as their line of Christian duty. Should such opposition arise, which I greatly fear will be the case at no distant day, it will be seen that it is the fixed purpose and resolve of the Brotherhood to obey God rather than man."

Only a fragment of the minutes of that September day in 1856 remain, but that which remains speaks in no uncertain terms: "That no members should be received by baptism into the church until they have first manumitted or set free all slaves, or slaves over which they have lawful control, which manumission is to be effected by putting on record in the clerk's office of the community a letter of freedom, with an agreement to assist them with means of transportation, provided that they cannot be tolerated long enough with their masters after their freedom to earn the amount of their emigration. We do not hereby wish to force them from their former masters if they wish to stay with them after they are twenty-one years of age, then the masters may agree with them as with all other free persons and pay them wages or take care of it for them."

An excerpt from a letter written that same year will focus additional light upon the slavery problem as the Brethren were related to it. This letter is from Cornelius Shaver, son of Elder George Shaver of Maurertown, the first minister of the Brethren of the Woodstock congregation. Cornelius was an older brother of the late E. B. Shaver of Maurertown, an uncle of the late Mrs. Glenn Locke of Woodstock, and a great-uncle of John Locke of Maurertown. He had moved from Shenandoah County to Augusta County; here he reared his family and here his descendants may be found today. Apparently George Shaver had visited his son and had

incidentally done some preaching while in the community. On November 6, Cornelius, concerned specifically, in one part of the letter, with the problem of human ownership and the hiring of slaves, wrote to his father:

"In about a week after you left, my black man was taken up for assault and battery on the man who owns his wife. It was done in the public road. He was taken before a magistrate and committed to [jail] for trial. It was thought by the white man that he could have him hung or at least transported, but his master gave security for 2,000 dollars promising to sell him out of the state. He took him and handcuffed him and took him to Richmond and from there to the South. So I was out of a hand. I was sorry for the poor negro for he was a good hand and obedient. I hired an irishman that could not hitch a horse right, but now I have a native for 8 dollars per month for the irishman. I had to give 50 cents a day. I need not pay for the time lost, just for the time the black man worked."

In spite of all that was done by Annual Conference and by council meetings, the matter continued to disturb the Brethren as late as 1863, when a query came to the Annual Conference held in the Clover Creek church in Blair County, Pennsylvania. This was during the Civil War, when passions were enflamed, with the war two years yet to run. D. P. Sayler was at this meeting and spoke out fearlessly against the institution of slavery. The query was: "What should be done with a brother that would preach that slavery was right according to the Scriptures and caused discord among the Brethren?" After prayerful consideration the following decision was given: "In as much as the Brethren always believed, and believe yet, that slavery is a great evil, and contrary to the doctrine of Christ, we consider it utterly wrong for a brother to justify slavery either in public or in private, and that he should be admonished, and if obstinate, shall be dealt with according to Matt. 18."

Although they, as a Christian group, were opposed to slavery, the Brethren could not escape some of the baneful effects of it. Many of them had to live in a social order corrupted in part by it. Many suffered in one way or another for their opposition to it, some of them losing property or life, or both, when the seething social and political cauldron finally erupted, engulfing the entire nation in its devastating overflow.

Those among the Brethren who may have been willing to permit the institution to continue, and may even have fought for it, were doubtless relieved when it was abolished. One such was Elder Arthur B. Duncan, who was in charge of the Oak Hill, West Virginia, church when the author assumed that pastorate. One day, in the course of our conversation, he commented, "We thought we were right, but things turned out for the best."

In this attempt to show something of the attitudes of the Brethren toward slavery and its attendant evils it has not been implied that only the Brethren were opposed to it. Sensitive souls throughout the period of more than two centuries before the close of the War Between the States were deeply concerned about this poisonous thorn in the side of humanity. George Washington, who owned many slaves, said that one of his foremost wishes was to see some plan adopted whereby slavery might be legally abolished. James Madison and Patrick Henry opposed the principle of slavery. Thomas Jefferson, speaking of the institution, said that he trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just; he too was a slaveowner. Many who were opposed to it — and that number doubtless included the most of the Brethren — felt that the nation was so hopelessly enmeshed in it that there was no certain way to escape from its demoralizing and degrading effects.

Slavery was ended nearly a hundred years ago, by means which the Brethren could neither approve nor support. During

the intervening century the Negro has demonstrated to the world — with outstanding proof such as Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, Martin Luther King, and Ralph Bunche — his basic equality with the white man. On their part, the Brethren still have a largely unused opportunity to show the colored people of the nation that their concern for them is one of deep-rooted, genuine brotherly love and goodwill.

antietam incidents

As we stepped upon the large blue limestone threshold we were conscious of the fact that it was much worn — worn by the feet of departed worshipers, curio seekers, and hosts of others who might fall into different classifications. This stone has been in the same place for over one hundred years, having been placed there in 1853 when the church was built. It is not only those worshipers who have departed; the building itself has likewise gone. On that day in May 1921 when the elements were turbulent, it gave way to the storm, and today only the foundation remains. As this chapter is being written, plans are being made for the restoration of the building.

Over the above-mentioned threshold passed the seven deacons who had a part in the erection of the church over one hundred years ago. They were Joseph Wolf, John S. Reichard, Samuel Fahrney, Jacob Reichard, Samuel Emmert, John W. Stouffer, and Valentine Reichard. Samuel Mumma, the man who owned the site and deeded it to these deacons, stepped upon the large blue stone step, also. Over it, David Long, the preacher on that Sunday before the battle in September 1862, entered the church. There is a definite possibility that President Abraham Lincoln stepped upon the stone on his visit to the battlefield in October following the bloody battle. Those among the Brethren whose feet helped to wear down the hard surface were not only Brethren who regularly worshiped there but also those who worshiped at the Manor church. One who might be classed as more or less modern

was the faithful John E. Otto of Sharpsburg, who served as pastor for some time.

The "little Dunkard church" on the Antietam battlefield carries the distinction of being bathed in more Civil War history — and also more blood — than any other church. On its benches the wounded and the dying were laid, their blood leaving permanent stains on the wood. Its floors and furnishings were covered with the dust and the rubble which fell from the holes made in the walls by the shells of both armies. From its walls echoed the moans of the wounded, the shrieks of the dying, and the songs of those for whom the war was over. That a church dedicated to peace and goodwill to all men should be a witness to the greatest bloodshed brought about by the strife in our country is indeed ironical. The people who worshiped here in this little white church stood committed against both slavery and war. Strange indeed is it that the battle which did so much to liberate the slaves should almost destroy the house of worship in which their freedom was advocated. That day when President Lincoln is said to have addressed the civilians, soldiers, and officers from the blue limestone steps of the little Brethren church, the sun of freedom shone forth as had always been taught and sought by the Brethren.

The church was located on the Hagerstown Pike (now known as the Sharpsburg Pike), one mile north of the little village of Sharpsburg, which was to give its name to the battlefield as spoken of by the people of the South. This village was in competition with Hagerstown for the rank of county seat, losing out by only one vote. Rich in history, it was laid out on July 3, 1763, by Joseph Chapline. Here James Rumsey, the inventor of the steamboat, lived for a brief period. General Braddock stopped here on his ill-fated expedition to western Pennsylvania. Others who occupied important places in history also spent time here.

On September 16 and 17, 1862, when Lee's forty thousand

Confederate troops met McClellan's seventy-five thousand Federal troops, the white-painted brick church stood on the east side of the "west" woods, in a small open space. The west woods covered some seventy-five acres. To the eastward, from the north to the village of Sharpsburg on the south, was farming land occupied by Mummas, Roulettes, Pipers, Millers, Poffenbergers, and others. The church, around which the most severe fighting occurred and around which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, was within the Confederate battle lines. Three quarters of a mile north, on the D. R. Miller farm, the First Division of General Mead's Pennsylvania Reserves of the First Corps was located with their line extending across the pike toward the west into the Locher woods. From the position beyond the farm buildings the Confederates were driven back to the Brethren church.

Colonel Hawley of the Twelfth Pennsylvania was wounded in this phase of the battle and was carried to the house on the Miller farm, presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Culler. Farm boys and others rambling over the farm uncover from time to time relics of the struggle of a century ago. Only recently the Culler family noticed a shining piece of metal which had become uncovered in the basement of their home. Unearthing it, they found it to be a live shell which had buried itself there during the battle; it was sent to Fort Detrick for defusing. Some alterations have been made on the original house since the time of the war. The stone-walled springhouse was recently torn down to make way for the widened and improved highway, but the spring, from which the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray carried water, still bubbles forth.

The shell-torn church was restored following the battle, funds for that purpose being solicited by Elder D. P. Sayler. Services were resumed in it in 1864. On May 23, 1921, a heavy storm caused the walls to fall in and the roof to fall down upon the contents of the building. The house which was

built on the old foundation following the destruction of the church was removed after the site was purchased by the Washington County Historical Society for restoration purposes.

Some time after the battle the metal plaque shown in the accompanying picture was placed to the right of the front door of the battle-scarred church.



Plaque at the Site of the Antietam Church

When the Antietam Battlefield Association (or Commission) some time after the close of the war was marking the different positions of both armies, General James Longstreet was present. A local man asked him what he and his men on the left of their line in the rear of the Brethren church were doing on the eighteenth, the day after the battle. His answer was that they "were cooking coffee and getting something to eat, unconcerned about anything [else]." Asked where he and his officers were when his horse was shot from

under him, he answered that he was "by a board fence near the town."

It is related that on the day of the battle, during the hardest fighting near the Brethren church and "Bloody Lane," a man with a two-horse springwagon came to the farm, drove almost to where the observation tower now stands, and gave a number of Union soldiers bread, ham, cakes, and pies that had been sent by some good ladies. No one knows who he was or where he came from. A later effort was made by the War Department to locate him and reward him for his brave effort, but it came to naught.

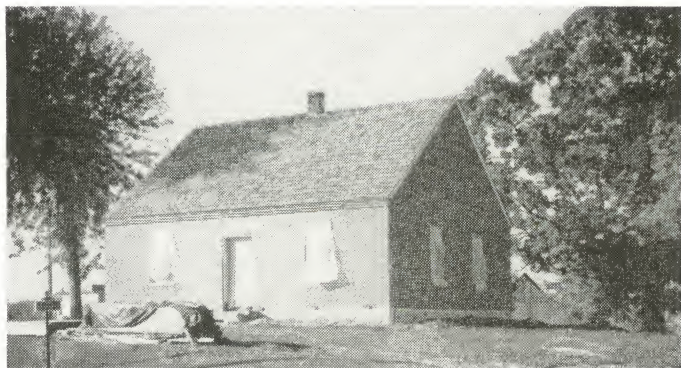
During the summer of 1911 a party of Confederate veterans came to visit the battlefield. Among them were some of the soldiers who had served under General "Stonewall" Jackson. One of the men said that he was asked by General Jackson, who was located at the Brethren church, to carry a message to General A. P. Hill. He added that before he left Jackson he gave the general, from his canteen, a drink of milk that he just milked a short time before "from a cow back of the Dunkard Church woods."

Martin Snavelly, of the John Snavelly Belinda Springs Farm, related that following the battle he "hailed a six-horse wagon load of coffins containing dead soldiers to Hagerstown, all of which had been embalmed at the Old Dunkard Church, to be shipped home by friends who had come for them." Hagerstown was the nearest railway station for the North. Mr. Snavelly also said the "arms and legs were piled several feet high at the Dunkard Church window where the amputating tables sat." Corroborating this statement, a veteran visiting the field some time later said that as he was passing the church an officer called to him to assist a man loading them onto a cart to haul them away and burn them.

Bloodstains remain to this day on some of the furniture of the church which has been preserved in Sharpsburg.

Visitors to the restored church will have the opportunity to see this furniture.

The section of the field on the Miller (now the Culler) farm just to the north of the church, known as the Bloody Cornfield, was a part of a field containing fifty acres, twelve of which had been planted to corn. Nearly every charge struck this field. When night came, the corn, which was fully matured, was trampled nearly to pieces, nothing but the stalks remaining. Wheat had been in the middle and clover



The Antietam Church Restoration Project as of October 1961

in the south side of the field, with no fencing between. Probably no other section of the battlefield was so fiercely fought over. The dead lay so close together from the church to the east woods that one could have stepped from man to man without once stepping on the ground. Between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred bodies were buried in this one field.

Only scattered trees stand today in the vicinity of the church. On the day of the battle and for many years afterward the trees were numerous. The bullets imbedded in them afforded sport for the small boy or the curious adult who

cared to dig them out. Many of the trees were shorn of their branches by the shells, and were thus left with a stubby appearance.

Samuel Mumma, Jr., lived in the Mumma home near the church. It and the other farm buildings were burned by the Confederate soldiers, after they had been driven from them, to prevent the Union sharpshooters from using them. Mr. Mumma said that "everything except a few small trinkets they [the Mummás] took with them was burned. Two of the daughters, Mrs. Lizzie Grove . . . and Miss Alice Mumma, said that when they were told to leave a Confederate soldier who wanted to be gallant offered his assistance in helping them over the fence, but they were very angry because they had to leave and refused his assistance." After the battle the Mumma family went to the Sherrick farm to live.

A report that the Confederates had put salt in the spring at the farm was circulated. But Mr. Mumma said that his father had been to Hagerstown the day before the battle and had brought several sacks of salt home and put them on the floor of the springhouse; when the building was burned the salt fell into the spring. Mr. Mumma further related that his father dragged fifty-five dead horses from his farm to the east woods, where they were burned. One battery alone had twenty-six horses killed near the church.

E. Russell Hicks, a prominent historian of Washington County, states in his brief history of that county: "On October 1, 1862, President Lincoln visited General McClellan, still at Antietam. He rode out to the little Dunker church in an open coach drawn by six white horses; on the back of each was a plumed soldier. Here he addressed a number of civilians and reviewed the badly shot up army. Going to the hospitals, he shook hands with those wounded who were able to see him. In one of the hospitals lay a number of Confederates; when he asked them if they would like to shake hands with him also, they said they would; so he walked among them and

shook their hands. The loss of both the Union and Confederate forces at Antietam totaled more than 25,000 men which, added to the Harper's Ferry loss, runs the number to about 40,000. More men, however, fell at Gettysburg, a three days' battle. Out of Gettysburg came Lincoln's greatest address; but out of Antietam came his Emancipation Proclamation."

Inasmuch as the Brethren church was used as a hospital, and inasmuch as Lincoln traveled over the battlefield visiting the wounded, it is not an unwarranted stretching of the imagination to believe that he got out of his carriage, stepped on the limestone threshold, and entered the shell-torn and bloodstained church. Knowing what we do of him, we can readily picture him giving hope and cheer to all alike in his kindly and gracious manner. The austere plain interior of the church, with its old-fashioned pulpit and its unpainted pine benches, must have contrasted greatly in Lincoln's eyes with the luxurious churches in Washington in which he worshiped.

Other churches in the community were also used as hospitals. Among them was the little stone Episcopal church, St. Mark's, which still stands in picturesque grandeur in a hardwood grove north of the battlefield and a few hundred yards southeast of Lappans Cross Roads, leading from the Sharpsburg Pike. It remained, however, for the Brethren church to be more frequently mentioned in dispatches, and to be the goal of more tourists, while it stood, than was any other church connected with the battle. The metal marker prepared by the government and affixed to the building on the right side of the door soon after the battle stands at this writing fixed upon a post at the foundation of the church. This is to be placed by the side of the restored church. Inside the restored church will be displayed, on loan, the Bible carried from the church to New York State following the battle and returned after being away for more than forty

years. (See the chapter entitled "John Lewis and the Antietam Bible.")

The Hagerstown Pike, which ran through the battlefield, was nearly new at the time of the Battle of Antietam, having been built in 1856. It was almost ruined during the battle, but the turnpike company later received payment from the government for the damages.

At the east end of Bloody Lane and a short distance from the church site, a stone observation tower now stands, offering a panoramic view of the battlefield. From the tower's eighty-five-foot height the entire battlefield may be seen, and also a portion of the South Mountain battlefield, Boonsboro, and parts of four states — Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia. The view is classed by tourists as one of the finest in this section of Maryland.

This chapter on Antietam incidents could be ended no better than with a production from the hand of the late Elder James A. Sell, the poet of the common man, a native and long a resident of the Morrison's Cove section of Pennsylvania. He is the author of several books of poems. The one reprinted here was named by him "The Historical Church."

"In primal days this house was built
Wherein to worship God.
Within this refuge young and old,
In solemn silence trod.
They came to hear God's word proclaimed,
That tells to one and all
How the whole world was plunged in sin
By Adam's dreadful fall.

"The weary souls on Sabbath days
Came here for peace and rest.
They sang their songs in solemn strains
And found their souls were blessed.

They could not draw the veil aside
To see what is before,
Or tell when they should reach the place
Where trouble comes no more.

“The clouds of war o’er cast the land
And armies marshalled here,
And ’midst the din and clash of arms
They faced the battle drear.
When cannon belched their redhot breath
And poured their shells and balls,
The sentries found a hiding place
Behind its sheltering walls.

“The war horse left his cruel scars
Upon this shrine of peace,
That mutely pleads in plaintive tones
For strife and war to cease.
The ones who stand for peace on earth
And freedom for the slave,
Will, in better days to come,
Be called the true and brave.

“This temple now in ruin lies
Upon a lonely hill.
The influence of its day and time
The world can never kill.
Its storm-tossed roof and shattered walls —
Memorials of the past —
Are pointing to a better day,
When peace shall reign at last.”

david long: civil war preacher

THE MONTH was September, the day was Sunday the fourteenth, and the year was 1862. There was a haze over the distant mountain off to the east. The corn was ripening in the autumn sun. The leaves of the oaks and the maples in the nearby grove indicated the change of the season. The Cumberland Valley, always beautiful but never more so than in the lazy, hazy days of September and the following colorful days of October, lay bathed in beauty. From over the dirt roads, flanked by the split-rail fences, came people on horseback, on foot, and in carriages. Along the sunken road, soon to be baptized with blood as Bloody Lane, came the Mummas and others who lived east of the little church. Along the Hagerstown Pike to the north, and also from Sharpsburg on the south, came the worshipers.

It was a sober and thoughtful gathering, for the terrible war was coming closer. Over all there must have been a sense of impending tragedy. Yet little did they realize that within a relatively few hours this lovely spot would be the focal point of a bitter struggle and that they would be within the Confederate lines. On the ridges puffs of smoke could be seen. From time to time the boom of cannon could be heard. But no man could know what the morrow might bring.

The church to which these people came has been variously known as the Mumma church, the little white brick church, and the Antietam Dunker church. Located on a hill overlooking Sharpsburg as well as Antietam Creek, it was

surrounded by sturdy trees. The main road from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg passed by on the east side of the structure.

The minister who was to bring the message that morning was Elder David Long. At that time he was in his prime, being forty-two years of age. Already he had won the respect not only of his parishioners but also of other people in his community and far beyond its borders. Elder Long lived some little distance northwest of the church.

That memorable Sunday he took his place, following the usual greetings of friends and fellow members, in the pulpit — or, rather, behind the table, for the Brethren felt that all should occupy the same level in the services and did not place raised platforms in their church houses. The hymn was announced and lined, and the congregation sang it spiritedly. At the proper time the elder opened the historic and now-famous Bible, read a psalm, announced his text, and preached a fervent sermon.

Following the lingering good-byes, with which were mingled the expressed hopes of meeting again, the members went their separate ways to their own homes or to the homes of friends. Samuel Mumma, as was the custom of that day, had guests for the noonday meal at his home a short distance to the east of the church. In the afternoon some children who had been playing outdoors came running in and reported seeing smoke on South Mountain, not far east of the Mumma home. The battle of South Mountain was beginning. It is quite unlikely that the full import of what might lie ahead was realized by anyone. That afternoon, even as the Confederate lines were forming north of the Potomac, over a hundred people made their way to the commodious home of Elder Long, where they must have contemplated seriously the events of the day and the prospects for the future. The story of the happenings which centered around the little church has been told in the preceding chapter.

Elder Long's grandfather, Isaac Long, who lived in the

middle of the eighteenth century, adhered to the River Brethren faith. Though he had not been ordained, he loved to exhort. David's father, Joseph Long, was a deacon and an influential leader among the Brethren. His mother was the former Nancy Rowland.

David Long, the subject of this chapter, was born in Washington County, Maryland, on January 29, 1820. In 1826,



The David Long Home

when the Annual Meeting was held in that county, Joseph took the six-year-old boy along with him. Being too young to be interested in the sessions, David spent much of his time playing with Mary Reichard, the daughter of Daniel and Catherine Reichard, on whose farm the Annual Meeting was held. This friendship eventuated in their marriage in 1841.

Even though David was an eager student he had few opportunities for securing an education. To a large extent he was self-taught. To ensure having a good vocabulary, he

secured a dictionary and read it from cover to cover. By this means he learned to express his thoughts clearly.

The Longs took title to about two hundred acres of land; it was part of the Conococheague Manor, a tract owned by General Samuel Ringgold. Their home was like the average home of that day — built to accommodate both family and guests, for all of whom there was ample room. Many were the Brethren who were entertained in the Long home. During the battle of Antietam this house was within range of both armies; although the soldiers tramped over the farm, damaging it as they went, little damage was done to the house. One day a cannon ball penetrated the east wall of it. As this sketch is being written the owners of the Long farm are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shaw.

David and Mary Long were the parents of twelve children, eleven of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. Of the six daughters, three married ministers; of the five sons, four became ministers.

When David was twenty-three he was elected to the office of deacon. To the Brethren in those days this meant being a person of great promise, for they were slow to lay hands on those young in years. Having made good in this office, he was elected to the ministry when he was thirty. On the very day of his election his wife was at home at the point of death. Much sympathy was expressed to the young man who, many thought, would be left alone with his young family; Mary recovered, however, and lived to sustain and strengthen him in his new duties. In the course of time his home church, Manor, advanced him to the full ministry and he became the elder, or bishop, of what is now the Manor, Beaver Creek, and Hagerstown district. He was plain spoken, a skilled executive, and was trusted by all.

In the community as well as in the church he was held in respect and confidence. Many people entrusted their investments to him without requiring any papers. His word

was as good as his bond. A man of more than average intelligence, he had a strong, active mind and a character conspicuous for uprightness and integrity.

In his church relationships he was a hard worker and was called upon from many quarters for advice and help. In fact, he gave of his time and his means so freely that his personal affairs suffered. When his estate was settled, the assets just canceled out the obligations against it. His day was that of the free ministry, when it seemed, in the thinking of most Brethren, that the minister must make the major sacrifices. One person remarked to the author that the minister barely eked out an existence while the deacons left farms to their children.

Elder Long traveled over much of the East in connection with his ministerial duties, largely at his own expense. His expense accounts for attending Annual Conferences — he did receive some financial help when attending them — were always small, for he traveled in the most economical manner. He preached many funerals, stopping his own work to do it. He likely married more couples than anyone else in the community did. It was his custom to hand to the bride the fee given to him. One young man heard of this, and, desiring to impress his bride, gave Elder Long a ten-dollar bill. This was the last one he had, but he expected it to come back. However, this happened to be a time when the elder found that his expenses were greater than his income and, much to the chagrin of the young man, he kept the fee.

His life was a contribution to his fellow men. Like many of the ministers of his day, he sincerely felt that the minister should take nothing for his labors. The story is told that he went once to a Midwestern state to conduct an evangelistic meeting. After a few nights of preaching, one of the men who had been attending the services came to him and said:

“Don’t you take any offerings?”

“No,” said Elder Long. “The gospel is free.”

"I pay for my tobacco and my liquor and I am ready to pay for my preaching. Take this money," the man replied. This was the only remuneration received for either his expenses or his services on that trip.

One writer of that far-off day said of him: "In his connection with the church, Bishop Long was an acknowledged leader in this state and was one of the strongest pillars of the church organization. For many years he represented his people at the annual conferences of the church, and he exerted a deep influence upon the church throughout the country. He has gone to Pennsylvania and the Western states as a delegate in his church so often that he became one of the most widely known men of his day in the church. He indelibly impressed his earnest convictions upon the ministry and the laity and defended the tenets and customs of the church in a forcible manner which has done much to preserve and identify the Dunkard church throughout the country, which is a strong and vigorous denomination."

Professor J. M. Henry, of Bridgewater, Virginia, wrote of Elder Long: "His ministry had great influence. He preached at many mission points, served on important committees of Annual Meeting, conducted many funerals, performed more marriage ceremonies than any [other] man of his community, lived an active, busy life in his own congregation. He was a man of dominant personality, commanding in appearance, and very serious minded.

"His work has been evaluated both critically and appreciatively. He was austere in church discipline, but kind hearted in disposition. He made some enemies by his straightforwardness but won a host of friends by his piety. His uncompromising attitude during the declining years of his ministry crippled his usefulness, yet friend and foe believed in his sincerity."

When the Annual Conference of 1880 was held in Hagerstown, Elder Long had charge of the arrangements. He

showed remarkable ability and a mastery of details which won for him the praise of many and contributed largely to the success of the Conference.

Living on the border between the free and the slave states, he nevertheless made his position on slavery clear to all. One day in attending a slave auction he bought all the slaves and set them free. In his attitude toward slavery he reflected accurately the position of the Brethren. The methods of John Brown and the methods of the Brethren, all aimed at the same end, were entirely opposites. In the war that came about in part because of slavery the Brethren were loyal to their government but opposed war as a means of achieving righteous goals.

Denied the education he craved for himself, David Long aided his children in every way possible to secure educations. One son, D. Milton, was known as a "bookworm" and liked nothing better than "having his nose in a book." In this tendency he was encouraged by his father.

A privately owned and conducted school had been opened in Hagerstown in 1878 by Thomas and Rebecca Cochran. Having a small patronage and in time being offered for sale, it was purchased by David Long and his son Melvin for twenty-nine hundred dollars. Melvin Long became the principal of the school, which was renamed Linden Seminary. The highest enrollment during the period of operation being only seventy-four students, the seminary was discontinued after a number of years.

But the relentless press of time sweeps all before it, and on January 23, 1897, Maryland's well-known Civil War preacher went to be with his fathers. Had he lived until Friday of the next week he would have attained the age of seventy-seven. He was active and vigorous until within a few days of his passing, when he became ill with pneumonia contracted while trying to reach one of his preaching appointments during very adverse weather. His wife, widely

and affectionately known as Aunt Mary Long, had died about eight years earlier.

The oak grove surrounding the church where David Long preached that September morning in 1862 was plowed and scarred by cannon shot and is now gone. The old rail fences along the Hagerstown Pike are no longer there. The old church is gone, with nothing remaining but the hilltop and the foundation. Other buildings have been erected where the Mumma farm buildings were burned. The soil enriched by the blood of the nation's young men produces in abundance. The sunken road, now Bloody Lane, is viewed casually by the rapidly passing traveler. The sun which once glistened upon flashing arms now glistens upon countless monuments erected to the memory of the men who wore the blue and the gray of a century ago. The fields which echoed to the feet of marching men and galloping horses are now echoing to the exhausts of farm tractors. The hills which once gave back the echo of the cannons' roar and the sharp crack of the rifles now give forth the sounds of industry and peace.

Elder David Long, veteran and effective preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ as it was understood by the Brethren, is likewise gone. But the principles and the spiritual undergirding of life for which he stood are as virile and as timely as ever and will so remain, for the truth of God is unchangeable.

John Lewis and the Antietam Bible

CAREFULLY the heavy wrapping paper which protected the contents of the package was removed. There revealed was the aged and brown leather-covered Bible of which we had heard much but which we had never before seen. This historic and widely traveled book, in size eleven by nine by two and one-half inches, is considerably the worse for wear. The leather back has come loose and the title page has been lost.

If this leather-bound volume could be endowed with the powers of speech, what a tale it could tell! Given by Daniel Miller to the Brethren people in 1851, it was placed in the Mumma (Antietam) church following the completion of the building in 1853. On that beautiful Sunday morning, September 14, 1862, as the Brethren were worshiping in the little whitewashed brick church, Elder David Long read from this Bible, his selection for the occasion being one of the psalms. When the church two days later became a hospital for the care of the wounded of both armies, the moans of the injured, the shrieks of the dying, and the songs of those for whom the war was over fell upon the Bible.

Soldiers, likely from the time that soldiering began, have been souvenir collectors. What motivated Sergeant Nathan Dykeman of Regiment 107, Company H, New York State Volunteers, to place this heavy book among his possessions on September 28, 1862, and, with the aid of a buddy, carry it to Schuyler County, New York, would be interesting to know.

But whatever his motive was, as a prize of war the Bible was taken from the rolling hills of Maryland hard by the placidly flowing Antietam Creek for a long sojourn among the hills of southern New York.

Providence has a way of working quietly behind manmade scenes. On the tenth day of January 1835, a colored boy was born in Carroll County, Maryland. Growing to manhood among the kindly Brethren people, and being of a serious mind with a strong religious inclination, he united with the Brethren at Pipe Creek in 1853 when he was eighteen years old.

This man of color, whose race was an underlying cause of the Civil War, was destined to play an important role in the experiences of the leather-bound Bible. Being free, he left Maryland in 1860 and went to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. In 1862 he went to the vicinity of Elmira, New York. Here he engaged, with only fair success, in farming and truck gardening.

One day the course of his life was unexpectedly changed as he was returning home from Elmira after marketing his produce. He saw, careening down the road toward him, a carriage pulled by a runaway horse. In the carriage were three very badly frightened women. Hurriedly driving to the side of the road, he leaped from his wagon and seized the bridle of the horse. A man of great courage and strength, he succeeded in bringing it to a stop without injury to the occupants of the carriage or to himself. It was then that he discovered that the three women were wealthy Mrs. Charles Langdon, her daughter Julia, and a nurse, who lived on the nearby Quarry Farm.

General Charles Langdon was not at home at the time, but upon his return he gave Mr. Lewis a check for one thousand dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were the parents of the wife of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). Mr. Clemens, who was visiting in the Langdon home at the time, gave Mr. Lewis fifty dollars and a set of his books personally inscribed.

Mr. Crane, of the nearby home in which the women had been visiting that day, gave him four hundred dollars. Mrs. Langdon's token of appreciation was a massive gold watch with the following inscription engraved on the inside of the case:

"John T. Lewis, who saved three lives at the
deadly peril of his own, August 23, 1877.
This in grateful remembrance from
Mrs. Charles J. Langdon."

Mr. Lewis was able to clear his sixty-four-acre farm of all encumbrance. Furthermore, he entered the employ of Mr. Langdon as coachman and faithfully performed his duties for many years. He and Mark Twain became intimate friends and spent much time together. They were frequently photographed together. Whenever the noted writer visited the Langdons — and much of his writing took place on the Quarry Farm, which Mr. Lewis cultivated — these two friends were often together. Twain was a good judge of mankind and one day, in referring to Mr. Lewis in a picture of both of them, said, "The colored man . . . is John T. Lewis, a friend of mine. These many years — thirty-four in fact. He was my father-in-law's coachman forty years ago; was many years a farmer of Quarry Farm, and is still my neighbor. I have not known an honest man nor a more respect-worthy one. Twenty-seven years ago, by the prompt and intelligent exercise of his courage, presence of mind and extraordinary strength, he saved the lives of three relatives of mine, whom a runaway horse was hurrying to destruction. Naturally I hold him in high and grateful regard."

Time rolled on, taking Sergeant Nathan Dykeman with it. In 1903 his regiment held a reunion at Elmira. In the meantime the Bible had been given over to a widowed and needy sister of the late sergeant. She wanted to return it to the little Brethren church on the Antietam battlefield, if the church was still in existence. The information was given to

the surviving members of the regiment gathered in reunion. They were willing that this should be done. Knowing the financial circumstances of the widow, they raised ten dollars to purchase the Bible from her and incidentally to help her in her time of need.

Here a problem presented itself: Who could inform them as to the church, its pastor, and whom to contact? In the entire Elmira community there was only one Brethren who could be found—the colored man, John Lewis, widely separated geographically from those of like faith. He was contacted to provide the needed information. Having kept in touch with the Brethren through their periodicals, he was able to tell the representatives of the regiment that the little church was still in existence and that its pastor was Elder John E. Otto of Sharpsburg. The regiment then designated Mr. Lewis as the agent in the restoration of the Bible to the church.

Let us turn now to the letter which Elder Otto prepared and pasted to the inside of the front leather cover of the historic Bible.

“Sharpsburg, Dec. 4th, 1903

“This Bible was taken from the Church after the Battle of Antietam by Sergeant Nathan F. Dykeman, September 28, 1862, Regt. 107 Co. H. N.Y.S.V. He is now dead and it fell into the hands of his afflicted sister. She presented it to the Company at their reunion this fall 1903 for which they gave her ten dollars.

“Their desire was to send it back to its home in the Brethren Church at Antietam Battlefield if it was still in existence. Through the kindness of Brother John T. Lewis, Elmira, N. Y., they received my name and address. They wrote me, I answered. The Bible is here after an absence of 41 years, 2 months, 6 days. It is supposed to have been placed in the church by Daniel Miller.

“John E. Otto”

The Daniel Miller mentioned in the letter was the father-in-law of Pastor John Otto and the great-grandfather of Miss Ruth Otto of Sharpsburg.

It was a gala day for the Brethren when the express package arrived in Sharpsburg from Elmira. The old Bible was restored to its former place in the church. Again its sacred pages were opened to the eyes of the ministering elders. Here it served the congregation until 1914. By this time a church building had been erected in Sharpsburg and services were being held only once a month in the whitewashed church on the battlefield. This battle-scarred church was the victim of the ever-present souvenir hunters, who had even gone so far as to remove and carry away bricks from the rear of the building, eventually creating an opening large enough to permit entrance into the church. Those in charge, fearing that for a second time the Bible might be carried away as a souvenir, removed it and placed it in a vault at the Fahrney-Keedy Home at Mapleville. In 1937, when the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle was celebrated, the Bible was taken from the vault and displayed.

It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Long of Baltimore. Mr. Long is a grandson of the Elder Long who read from its pages on September 14, 1862. Mrs. Long is the great-great-granddaughter of the aforementioned Daniel Miller. At a later date the volume was given into the temporary care of Dr. and the late Mrs. Walter Shealy of



The Author Holding the
Antietam Bible

Sharpsburg. At the proper time, when the final restoration of the church building is completed, the book is to be loaned to the church, properly protected, and recognition given to the owners. Along with it will be some of the communion vessels.

The aged colored man was photographed sitting in a chair with the Bible on his lap. While he was sixty-eight years of age at the time of the photograph and was broken in health, there remain the marks of his former strength of body and mind. His brow is the brow of a philosopher; his beard is worn according to the custom of the Brethren of his day.

Just three years following the restoration of the Bible to the Brethren church, John T. Lewis was gathered to his fathers. Following the death of his wife twelve years before, he had been cared for by his only child, Susanna. He had prepared his own obituary, in which he stated: "I came to New York State in 1862, since which time I have been cut off from the church. I have tried to be faithful to the New Testament and order of the Brethren. Though separated from them here, I hope to meet them above where parting is no more. When I am gone, if no brother can be obtained to preach my funeral, I request to be laid away without ceremony, as I recognize none as true Christians who refuse to teach the whole Gospel."

In 1906 his daughter, feeling that his life would soon come to a close, contacted Elder J. Kurtz Miller of Brooklyn, New York, who was conducting a preaching mission in Iowa at the time. Mr. Lewis died soon after that, at the age of seventy-one. No Brethren minister being available to conduct the funeral service, it was conducted, at Mr. Lewis's request, by the mortician's assistant. Burial was in the Woodlawn cemetery at Elmira. Four years later his bosom friend, Mark Twain, was laid to rest in another part of the same cemetery.

ann rowland: a valorous woman

CAN IT BE that a Brethren woman in 1863 may have unintentionally played a part which helped keep the nation united? Did her influence change the thinking of a great general? Likely his first experience with the Brethren — at least the first to make an impression upon his manner of thinking and living — took place in Maryland. The woman was Ann Rowland. The general was Robert E. Lee. The specific place was in the area in which the Longmeadow church is located, just a few miles north of Hagerstown, in a delightful and fertile valley. The meetinghouse was built in 1850.

General Lee and his army came into Maryland in 1863, having crossed the Potomac at various nearby fords, on their way to invade Pennsylvania. Although Lee did not know it at the time, the decisive Battle of Gettysburg was to be fought soon.

An old family record, long faded and brown from the passing of the years, states: "Ann Rowland was born the 9th of December in the year of our Lord 1811." She was the daughter of a pioneer, Jacob Gilbert, who had bought land from Abraham Stauffer in Longmeadow. Ann lived on her father's farm until her marriage to Jonas Rowland. Concerning him the old record says: "Jonas Rowland was born on the 29th day of May, 1809 in the year of our Lord."

Few women in the history of Maryland have lived a more thrilling and inspired life than did Ann Rowland. Commanding in personality and vigorous of speech, she was a convincing

speaker. She feared neither man nor woman, and all worthy reform movements could be certain of her support. Hers was a day in which the Brethren were fighting the ever-present liquor evil. When Daniel Reichard, one of the prominent elders, started his campaign against the use of liquor at harvesttime (it was generally thought to be an absolute necessity), she immediately aligned herself with the campaign and became a dynamic crusader.

Once started in an enterprise, she was not easily turned back. Possibly her position of influence in the community was strengthened by the fact that she, as the only child of the Gilberts, had inherited four hundred acres of highly productive land.



Ann Rowland

Her determination is well illustrated by the following incident: There was talk in the Rowland neighborhood of remodeling the Paradise school and using the building as a Brethren church. This did not at all meet with her approval or that of her husband. So they donated two

and a half acres of land for a church site, burned the bricks, laid the foundations, and built the church at their own expense.

When the forces of the Confederate army crossed the Potomac River and headed north, there was widespread fear. The frightfulness of the stories about what the soldiers would do probably did not decrease with the telling. It was well known that what the army needed above everything else was horses to replace their outworn and jaded animals. All equipment must be moved by them: cannon, food, surgical supplies, ambulances — in fact, everything on wheels. An army without its wagon train was seriously crippled. Many of

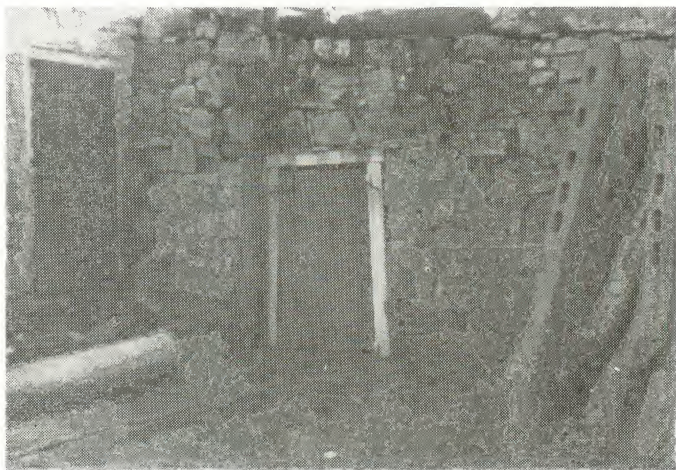
the horses belonging to the farmers in the Longmeadow community were being taken.

All the Rowland horses excepting one were taken, Old Jen, their favorite and indispensable driving horse, being the single exception. She was hidden in the storage cave under the approach to the large barn, and posts were placed around the door to distract attention. However, they did not count upon her becoming lonely and attempting to attract attention by her neighs. As a result of them, she was discovered by the soldiers and taken from her place of concealment. Ann Rowland immediately made her way to General Lee, who was then encamped at Longmeadow, and asked for the return of her driving mare. He replied, "If you are so brave as to request the return of your horse, you shall have her back." Old Jen was returned but was later taken again.

This, however, was not the first appearance of Mrs. Rowland before the stately general. When he pitched his camp for nearly a week at Longmeadow in 1863, he had notified the people that his headquarters would be in the Longmeadow church. Ann Rowland was the first visitor General Lee had; she called upon him to demand that he hand the pulpit Bible over to her for safe keeping. It is said that the general arose from his improvised desk and stood for a few minutes in silence. A rare personality was indeed in his presence. With great admiration and courtesy, he said, "Mrs. Rowland, we use this Bible in morning worship. If it is left here General Robert E. Lee pledges his honor that this Holy Word shall be kept safely and no harm will come to this place of worship." The word of the general was kept and the church was left in the state in which it was found. The Bible escaped the fate of the Bible at the Antietam church the year before, in that it was left at the church. Today it is in the Longmeadow community, in the keeping of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Petre.

Soldiers were encamped everywhere. They slit the bark

of the trees and cut out sections to use for dough trays for their camp baking. Mrs. Rowland baked some bread for them, and also sold them meat. The meat had been hidden above the fireplace in an outbuilding called the smokehouse. This place of concealment could be reached only by climbing a ladder, and none but the immediate family knew of it. One day when some of the soldiers started to follow her, she



Old Jen's Hiding Place on the Rowland Farm

suspected that they were trying to locate the hiding place of the meat. Turning to them, with the large butcherknife in her hand, she said, "Don't you dare take another step." The men obeyed and remained where they were until she returned with the meat. During these trying days General Lee placed a guard at the Rowland barn to prevent destruction and stealing. The guard was a Methodist preacher; he told members of the Rowland family that even though he was in the army he had never shot anyone.

Jonas Rowland had injured his back in handling the heavy stones when the large barn was being built, and, after a prolonged illness, had died in 1855. Left with a family of eight children and the responsibility of managing the farm, Ann Rowland needed to be a person of indomitable will. Possessing keen judgment on financial matters, she was well able to care for her inherited acres. She managed economically and gave liberally. Her home was a model of simplicity and righteous living, extending a welcome to both rich and poor. The large barn, still standing not far from the Longmeadow church, is owned by the Reverend Francis Litton.

In the book, *History of the Church of the Brethren in Maryland*, on page 303 Historian J. M. Henry says of Mrs. Rowland: "The heritage of faith and good works left by that wonderful woman, Ann Rowland, has been a blessing to many households. No woman in the Church of the Brethren was more honored and loved among her acquaintances. Ann Gilbert Rowland was born a pioneer and has left an impress on the religious life of her church in Middle Maryland even to this day." Though the earthly life of this pioneer terminated many years ago, her influence and the results of her godly life and teaching still live on in the person of her numerous descendants.

The writer is indebted to her grandson, the Reverend Elmer Rowland of Hagerstown, for the reciting of many firsthand events of this family — one that has influenced the life and thought of the community for over one hundred years. As this is being written Mr. and Mrs. Rowland live on the Middleburg Pike, just north of Hagerstown. Of his grandmother Mr. Rowland said to the writer, "I faintly remember her. I was but six years old when she died." The Ann Rowland heritage of service does not stop with the above-mentioned grandson but extends on down to other generations. Earl, the son of the Elmer Rowlands, also carries on the work of the church, being actively engaged in the

pastoral ministry. As succeeding generations come upon the scene, there is no one who can say that the end of this heritage is in sight.

Surely the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, in which the writer extols the dignity and the worth of a virtuous woman, asserting that "her price is far above rubies," has given an accurate picture of the life and the personality of Ann Rowland.

Some historians think that after the time spent by General Lee in encampment at the Longmeadow church, during which he came in contact with the Brethren as represented in Ann Rowland, his leadership as a general was different, lacking the brilliance and the skill which had normally characterized it. That this alleged change affected his leadership at Gettysburg may be a matter of speculation. But it is certain that had he won that battle, Harrisburg and the valleys leading to other places of the North could have been his almost for the taking. The history of the American people would then have been that of division into two weaker nations rather than that of one nation remaining united and strong.

Many years and unnumbered events have passed into history since General Lee made his headquarters in the Longmeadow church and his ragged and hungry soldiers camped in the surrounding woods. The fact that all those who shared in that scene have passed away lifts up the transience and the fallibility of man, at the same time exalting the permanence and the infallibility of high ideals and principles.

an old BIBLE speaks

AS BOOKS GO, I am not very old. But, measured by man's span, I am getting up in years. My lifetime has seen many changes in this country. Men have come and gone, but I am just as strong and virile as when I left the publishers' plant in 1850. I was not very old when I came to Washington County, Maryland. As to size, I am of normal dimensions for a Bible designed to be used in a church pulpit. My actual size is eight and three-fourths by eleven and one-half by three and three-fourths inches. I have fourteen hundred forty pages. I was published by Lippincott, Grant and Company of Philadelphia.

Most of my life has been spent in the Longmeadow Brethren church, just a short distance north of Hagerstown. This church was built in 1853, when I was three years old. The Brethren work at Longmeadow was started about the middle of the eighteenth century, but no permanent organization was made for nearly one hundred years. The first services were held in the homes of the early settlers, who later worshiped in the Conococheague church in the bounds of what was known in the early days as the Antietam congregation. These people were then known as the German Baptists, or the Brethren, or the Dunkards; this last name was a nickname given to them because of their method of baptism by immersion, or "dunking."

After these pious folks had met in the various homes for some time they had the opportunity to use a schoolhouse in

harmony with the custom of those pioneer days. This schoolhouse was built in 1832 and was used until 1850, after which it gradually fell into ruins. A meeting was called to consider rebuilding it. However, instead it was agreed to build a new house dedicated alone to the worship of the living God.

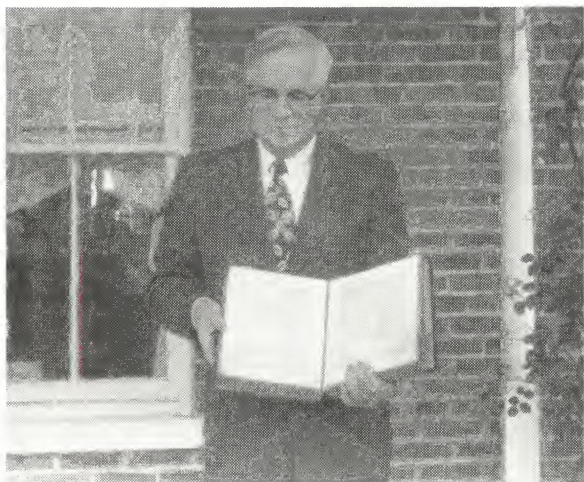
Among the people present when it was decided what action should be taken was Jonas Rowland. Minds differed, tempers flared, and words were not always kind. So Jonas told them that he and Ann would donate two and one-half acres of land, burn the brick, and build the church at their own expense. The first structure was a building thirty by forty feet, which was finished and dedicated in 1853. The membership made such rapid growth that in twenty-eight years they had outgrown the structure and built a new building forty by seventy feet in size. In recent years it was found necessary to add to this structure, which was done in 1950. It now stands on the knoll surrounded by mighty oaks that have weathered the storms of many years.

The following men have served as pastors of the Longmeadow church and have fondly turned my pages and read my messages to the listening congregations: Joseph Wolf, Henry Koontz, Jacob Helbarger, Joseph and Leonard Emmert, Andrew Cost, Daniel F. Stouffer, Barton Shoup, F. D. Anthony, Abraham Rowland, John Rowland, Harry Rowland, Elmer Rowland, J. A. Butterbaugh, Harry Zeller, Harold Kettering, and Emmert Bittinger.

Before my coming into existence, the German preacher, Martin Urner, had preached all through this section of the new country, uniting under the Brethren banner many of the German people who had previously fellowshiped in various churches.

About forty years ago the extensive use that I had undergone necessitated that I have a new binding. That makes me just as I was in my youth. Then, in 1939, I was

retired from pulpit use after my many years of service. Paul Petre purchased a successor for me and took me into his own home. After his death, Mrs. Petre, feeling that inasmuch as my life had been spent in the Brethren church whereas she was of another church, and that I would feel more at home among those whom I had served through sunshine and shadow, gave me to Paul's brother Luke, who has from that



The Author With the Broadfording Bible

time on had my care. He keeps me very carefully in his home at Paramount, near Hagerstown, close to the church where I had many experiences. It was at his home that he permitted a photograph to be taken of me, thinking that you might be interested in knowing how I look.

I had not been in the church very long until there were war clouds in the air. It seemed as though the people could not agree in regard to colored people, whose ancestors had been brought here as slaves. Some thought that I justified

slavery. These were mainly those who lived south of where I was located. Others who lived in my community and mainly north of my home felt just as strongly the other way. In my home state, Maryland, families were divided. When war was declared, many of the boys enlisted. Some wore the blue of the North and some wore the gray of the South. In fact, Maryland has a monument, on the Antietam battlefield, erected to the memory of the boys in both armies. This is the only monument of its kind.

During the dark and troublesome days of 1862, armies roamed rather widely in my section of the country. Some of the men from the South crossed the Potomac at Williamsport in September. The capture of General Lee's wagon train near Williamsport was a blow to him as he was getting ready to strike at the Antietam area. He was finally forced across the Potomac. I did not see General Lee in 1862, but I overheard much conversation and much concern among the Brethren people about him and his threats to the peace of the community.

It was in 1863, on June 15, that General Lee's army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on their way to invade Pennsylvania. They traveled slowly. Their equipment was worn. Their horses showed the results of working too hard and having too little feed; fresh horses were greatly needed. The soldiers were everywhere — tired, hungry, ragged, and homesick. Being in need of almost everything, they took whatever they could find. General Lee was very considerate of his men, but most of the time there was little he could do to aid them in their hard lot. Some of the soldiers were camped in the grove adjoining the church in which I was kept.

If I may judge from the descriptions I had heard of General Lee the year before, he had aged very noticeably. His beard was streaked with gray and his hair was even more so. It had been a heavy responsibility, a very serious choice, when he decided to go with his native state, Virginia. He

must have had sober thoughts when he counseled with Mrs. Lee, who was the granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington, concerning what they ought to do. A deeply religious man, he seems to have been the victim of misfortune in numerous ways. While encamped here in the Longmeadow community, he used the Brethren church as his headquarters.

You have read in the preceding chapter that Ann Rowland's riding horse, Old Jen, was taken by the Confederate soldiers but was returned to her owner when Mrs. Rowland appealed to General Lee, only to be taken again at a somewhat later time and not returned. In ordering the return of Old Jen, the general may have been moved in part by his high regard for Traveller, his own faithful horse. Traveller was constantly in the grove by the church. The sculptor who created the monument of General Lee and his horse appropriately showed them at Gettysburg looking over the broad meadow of death across which General Pickett had made his ill-fated charge. Traveller, on the monument, seems to be as much interested in what was going on as was his master.

Mrs. Rowland was much concerned about the church furnishings and about me as well. She went to the general and asked him to let her take me into her home for safe keeping. General Lee replied that he used me each morning in his devotions and would assure her that I would be well taken care of. He kept his word, and as long as he was camped there he used me lovingly and prayerfully. I learned to know him well as he read from my pages from morning to morning. The summer sun would not be much over South Mountain until he, with some of his officers would carefully take me and open to some of my passages which he found an aid to him. With such peaceful scenes on every side, the fields lush with greenery, it was inconsistent that men should be setting forth to kill one another.

After some time the soldiers and their officers left and marched on into Pennsylvania. I saw only a few of them

after they went on north, for many of them never came back but were left upon the terrible field of Gettysburg. Some of them were brought back in ambulances, crippled and bleeding, with every jolt of the wagons sending intense pains through their emaciated forms.

Following the retreat from Gettysburg, General Lee was held up at Williamsport for some time by high waters on the Potomac River. There being no bridges, he was unable to cross until the river had gone down. So he, being a great letterwriter, wrote some letters to his wife in the South. Mrs. Lee had written him that their son Fitzhugh had been captured. Upon receiving this information, General Lee wrote to Mrs. Lee as follows:

"I have heard with great grief that Fitzhugh has been captured by the enemy. Had not expected that he would be taken from his bed and carried off, but we must bear the additional affliction with fortitude and resignation, and not repine the will of God. It will eventuate in some good that we know not of now. We must bear our labors and hardships manfully. Our noble men are cheerful and confident. I constantly remember you in my thoughts and prayers. . . ."

No matter how heavily the burdens of the cause (which was destined to be the Lost Cause) rested upon him, he was ever mindful of his family and his religion. While waiting for the waters of the Potomac to go down — even as they did in far-off days that I record — he wrote on July 12, 1863, from near Hagerstown:

"The consequences of war are horrid enough at best, surrounded by all ameliorations of civilization and Christianity. I am very sorry for injuries done the family at Hickory Hill, and particularly that dear old Uncle Williams, in his eightieth year should be subjected to such treatment. But we cannot help it, and must endure it. You will, however, learn before this reaches you that our success at Gettysburg was not so great as reported — in fact, that we failed to drive the enemy

from his position, and that our army withdrew to the Potomac. Had the river not unexpectedly risen, all would have been well with us; but God in His allwise providence, willed otherwise, and our communications have been interrupted and almost cut off. The waters have subsided to about four feet, and if they continue, by tomorrow, I hope our communications will be open. I trust that a merciful God, our only hope and refuge, will not desert us in this hour of need, and will deliver us by his Almighty hand, that the whole may recognize His power and all hearts [may be] lifted up in adoration and praise of His unbounded loving-kindness. We must, however submit to His almighty will, whatever that may be. May God guide and protect us all is my constant prayer."

After he and his army managed to get to safety on the other side of the Potomac he never came this way again. Antietam and Gettysburg had taken a heavy toll from his all-too-few men and their resources.

While the Southern soldiers did not come back to Longmeadow, there were many hours of sadness to follow nearly two more years of fratricidal strife before peace was declared. Boys from the community marched away from it never to return alive. Some did not get back at all and were buried in unmarked graves. It may be that upon some of my pages you would be able to find marks of tears if you looked closely. I was often the source of comfort to those who were in deep sadness. It is a strange way of life that man would make the way of death part of the experience in this world. But my pages are full of wars and rumors of wars. They will continue until man no longer has the say in regard to such matters.

Even after peace came, it took a long time to recover from the ravages of war in this section. The old church rang with hymns which were dearly loved by those who came to worship. Sacred words were read from my pages by stern and solemn elders, following which readings they took their

texts and preached at length upon my contents. I was often used to bring comfort to the friends of the departed who gathered within the walls of the church. In 1888, when the one who had been careful of me and had guarded my being followed the host of those who had preceded her, I was used to bring comfort to the sorrowing relatives and friends. She had been one of my best friends and almost at the cost of her own life had been willing to plead for me and protect me from all harm.

I recall also the days when the War to End Wars was fought. Men went forth from the community with high hopes that this would bring an end to man's destruction of man. The elders at Longmeadow did not favor the war, and at times they were misunderstood. Their wisdom was questioned by those who were hostile to the church; but time has proved them right. The eleventh day of November 1918 brought much rejoicing to the community but not so much, of course, as did the news from Appomattox in 1865. That news was of the end of a war which was closer home, one whose terrible destructive forces could be seen on every side. Families had been divided, father fighting against son and brother against brother. As a "civil war," it was the most uncivil of wars. When I looked over the boys who were marching to death or to kill those whom they did not know, at the orders of those who at times were in safe places, the unreasonableness of the whole thing was apparent.

The country has changed from the time of my coming into this community. Travel when I came was either by foot or at best by horse. However, I have not changed, and my message is just as good today and just as true as it was when I was first opened within the walls of the little brick church. Generations of those who read me or listened to me being read have passed on, but their destiny was changed from what it would have been if they had not heeded my admonitions. Now that I have been retired from active use in the pulpit, it is for my own

preservation. The folks who have me in their keeping are proud of the part that I have played in the community; they speak reverently of those long since gone who were full of the faith which I had been able to instill in them during their lifetimes.

Even General Lee was much influenced by my message. He wrote after the days spent with me at Longmeadow: "Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that our times are in His hands, and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him." He wrote more than this in the letter but this was written on August 13, 1863, just a little more than a month after he had read from my pages during the period of time spent at Longmeadow. Somehow I feel that I had a part in bringing to him the thoughts that he expressed in the letter.

It is time for me to close my covers and leave you to your thoughts. I had felt that you might be interested in some of my experiences during more than a century and would appreciate knowing of some of the people, long since gone to their rewards, who drew courage and inspiration from my pages. Best wishes to my successor in the Longmeadow Brethren church.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ON THE EIGHTH OF OCTOBER 1862, a man six feet four inches tall stood stiffly erect while the noted photographer, Matthew Brady, exposed the wet plate for a photograph. The place was near the swift-flowing Antietam Creek, in Washington County, Maryland; the background for the photograph was an army tent. A tall silk hat accented the height of the man who was being photographed. His long black coat came almost to his knees; his heavy bow tie crowded the collar of his shirt conspicuously. His lips were tightly compressed above the black beard covering his chin. He was fifty-three years old, but time and care had engraved on his face the appearance of having lived a greater number of years. The long, wearisome years of war had left their ineradicable marks.

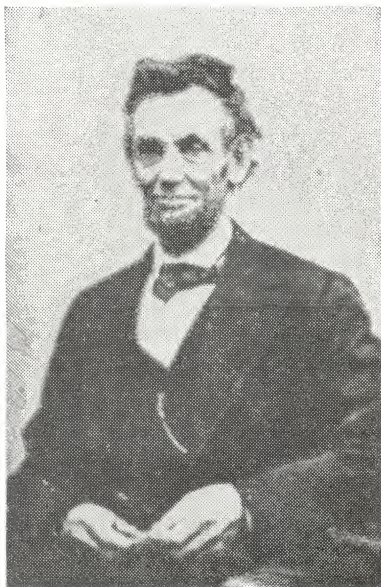
This man was Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. The army he had come to visit was the Army of the Potomac. The general who was his host was the slow-moving McClellan. The President was puzzled to know how General Lee could have circumvented a force much larger than his own here in the bend of the Potomac.

On the hills back of the tent, above the headquarters of General McClellan, much of the Antietam battlefield could be seen by the President. As he looked toward the west, he could see, nearly a mile away, the little Brethren church, around which the tide of battle had risen and fallen. Less than three weeks before Lincoln visited the field, thousands

of dead and dying men of both armies lay within sight of the church.

On his knees the President had promised God that if the North was successful in this engagement he would issue a proclamation freeing the slaves. While it was not an out-and-out victory, it was for all practical purposes rated as such by the North. Concerning the proclamation, Lincoln said later: "When the Rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as he should be driven from Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and my Maker." In a Cabinet meeting on September 22, he remarked that he had made a vow that a Northern victory would be considered an indication of the divine will that he move to bring about emancipation. The proclamation became effective on January 1, 1863. There were many dark days following this during which the President felt that Almighty God had forsaken him. There were moods of deep depression. But in time his spirits rose to greater heights and his faith broke through the dark clouds.

Much has been written about the life of Abraham Lincoln, and it is not the purpose of this chapter to tell his life story



Abraham Lincoln

again. It is readily available to those who may wish to read it. We are concerned here largely with his relationship to the Brethren. Concerning Lincoln's being a Christian, there remains no doubt. But the churches with which he was most familiar did not appeal to him because he felt that they minimized the Lord Jesus Christ and put man-made ordinances ahead of Him. Although little has been published about it, there is strong reason to believe that Lincoln espoused the Brethren faith.

Mrs. Anna Wagner, of Indiana, made this statement on October 22, 1936: "Elder Isaac Billheimer, at one time a resident of Heath, Indiana, and an Elder in the Fairview Church of Southern Indiana, told my father he was acquainted with the Minister that baptized Lincoln. Father had forgotten the name of the Minister, but he was a member of the German Baptist Church, sometimes nicknamed 'Dunkards.' Lincoln sent this Minister word to come to Springfield on a certain train which arrived there at night. Lincoln sent him twice as much money as he needed.

"Lincoln met him and they went to the river where Lincoln was baptized, yet that night. Lincoln had brought extra clothes needed for both, and having changed clothes they went and waited for the train to arrive, and the minister left after midnight. . . . Lincoln promised [that] after his term of office expired he would conform to the church."

D. W. Cripe, of Peoria, Illinois, a number of years ago said, "I am personally acquainted with David and Anna Wagner, to whom the elder told the incident of Abraham Lincoln's baptism at Springfield, Illinois, just before he went to Washington to take the Presidential chair. I can recommend Brother and Sister Wagner as honest, truthful Christians who can be depended upon. I . . . am also acquainted with, and personally know, a man by the name of Theodore Swanson, an honest, truthful man who has read in a number of historical books about Lincoln. He told me that he read of the incidents

of his baptism in one of the histories, also that Lincoln had forgotten to provide extra clothes to be immersed in."

It has been pointed out to the writer that when Lincoln decided to wear a beard he wore the type popular with the Brethren of his day.

It is a well-known fact that Elder D. P. Sayler, of Carroll and Frederick counties, Maryland, was a frequent visitor of the President in the White House. He and Lincoln were rather intimately acquainted. Lincoln would call him "Bishop Sayler" and once told him that he considered him capable of filling any office to which he might be called. (See the chapter entitled "The Bishop of the Monocacy.")

It was a dark, cold, and drizzly morning when Abraham Lincoln left Springfield on February 11, 1861, for the arduous duties and eventual martyrdom ahead of him in a country filled with strife. He must have sensed clearly the magnitude of the tasks ahead of him, for he said to the people who had gathered to see him leave and to wish him Godspeed:

"My friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To His care commending you as I hope by your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

A Bible commonly lay on Lincoln's desk in the White House and frequently spoke its words of comfort to him in the dark days of state. His words many times were those of a

man of deep religious sensibility who had passed through experiences "that baptized his soul in solemnity and attained a new sense of reliance upon the help of God."

Lincoln's acquaintance with the Brethren, and the seemingly incontrovertible fact that he was in his own heart and mind a member of the church, may be seen in his creed. A close comparison of it with the doctrine of the Brethren may show interesting similarities. It is given in full as follows, in his own words.

"I believe in God, the Almighty, Ruler of Nations, our great and merciful Maker, our Father in Heaven, who notes the fall of the sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads.

"I believe in His eternal truth and justice. I recognize the sublime truth announced by the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blest whose God is the Lord.

"I believe that it is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling Power of God, and to invoke the influence of His Holy Spirit; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon.

"I believe that it is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father equally in our triumphs and in those sorrows which we may justly fear are punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins to the needful end of our reformation.

"I believe that the Bible is the best gift which God has ever given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book.

"I believe that the will of God prevails. Without him all human reliance is in vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

"Being the humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father, I desire that all my works and acts may be

according to His will; and that it may be so, I give thanks to the Almighty, and seek His aid.

"I have a solemn oath registered in Heaven to finish the work I am in, in full view of my responsibilities to my God, with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness to the right as God gives me to see the right. Commending those who love me to His care, and as I hope in their prayers they will commend me, I look through the help of God to a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before."

While in Washington, Lincoln was a regular attendant with his family at the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. The pastor was the Reverend Phineas D. Gurley.

On April 9, 1865, a load was lifted from the shoulders of the people of the nation. The sun of hope shone brighter than it had appeared for many years. The Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray were on their way to their homes. Peace had come. On this day the President posed for the photographers for the last time.

On Good Friday, the fourteenth, President Lincoln held his last Cabinet meeting. He urged his ministers to turn their thoughts to peace. There must be no more bloodshed, no persecution. General Grant was present for the Cabinet meeting and was asked for news of Sherman but said he had none. Lincoln then remarked that news would come — and good news. "For," he said, "last night I had a dream, a familiar dream. In a strange indescribable ship we seemed to be moving with great rapidity towards a dark and undefined shore." This was indeed true, but he could not have realized its full import.

Lincoln's funeral took place in the East Room of the White House on April 19. His pastor gave the funeral address, a paragraph of which follows:

"I speak what I know, and testify what I have often heard him say, when I affirm that the divine goodness and mercy were props on which he leaned. Never shall I forget the emphatic

and deep emotion with which he said in this very room, to a company of clergymen and others who came to pay him their respects, in the darkest hours of civil conflict: 'Gentlemen, my hope of success in this struggle rests on the immutable foundation, the justness and the goodness of God; and when events are very threatening, I still hope that in some way all will be well in the end, because our cause is just, and God will be on our side.' Such was his sublime and holy faith, and it was an anchor to his soul. It made him firm and strong; it emboldened him in the pathway of duty, however rugged and perilous it might be; it made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity, and it held him in steady patience to a policy of administration which he thought God and humanity required him to adopt."

There is a poem which hangs upon the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, in the original handwriting of the author, Edna Dean Proctor, two verses of which we use to conclude this chapter:

"Now must the storied Potomac
Honors forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
Give of its centuries' pride;
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
Placidly, westward flows,
Far on whose city of silence
Calm he has sought his repose.

"Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in this grave is thy grandeur,
Born on his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion
Hewn for the Lord do we hold
Dearer than this in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold."

some annual conferences before the civil war

THE BRETHREN ANNUAL CONFERENCE over the years has been called by various names such as *Annual Meeting*, *National Conference*, *General Conference*, and *Yearly Meeting*. Soon after the Brethren succeeded in penetrating the wilderness and establishing churches in it, they realized the need of having, at least once a year, a meeting which would be representative of all the congregations. In those early days, groups and churches were lost to the Brethren because their contacts were broken. However, the records of the very first Annual Conferences — if, indeed, there were any written records — have been lost; now they are the goal of the historian's search. Inasmuch as the churches did not extend very far in miles from the central point, Germantown, there is a possibility that the Brethren did not place much importance upon the keeping of records.

The first gathering-at-large of which we have a record was one held at the Pipe Creek church, near Linwood, Maryland, in 1778. To get to the meeting required more time and effort than are required today for the missionaries to come from their posts in Africa or South America. Traveling through the American wilderness was not without its serious dangers. In that day the settlers had two means of travel — by horseback and on foot. There were few roads, and many of these were not sufficiently developed for pleasant coach travel. Mostly there were just trails. Pipe Creek Valley, beautiful today, must have been none the less so when our bearded forefathers

and our bonneted foremothers threaded their way through its forests and held meetings under its oaks and other hardwoods.

This Conference of 1778 was held during the early days of the struggle out of which our nation was born. The Revolution brought many headaches, heartaches, and misunderstandings, and much persecution, to the Brethren. In fact, the old record says, "After much reflection, in the fear of the Lord, it has been concluded in union, that the brethren who have taken the attest¹ should recall it before a justice, and give up their certificate and apologize in their churches and truly repent of their error." They had fled Germany to find a land of peace and were not going to be drawn into the maw of war as a church.

The author has tried from time to time to envision the gathering of 1778. By today's standards the attendance was more representative than large. Yet there were numerous Brethren close enough to travel down from Pennsylvania and up from Virginia to make a sizable attendance. We know that there were some Brethren living on the Antietam around the present city of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, which area must have been a day's journey by horseback from Pipe Creek. It is hard to envision this Conference convening without some of the Macks, the Stovers, and perhaps the Deardorfs coming to it from Waynesboro. We know that John Mack, a son of Alexander Mack, Sr., had taken up land near Waynesboro in September 1751, and that he had Brethren neighbors. It would be interesting to know who came to the Pipe Creek Conference from other communities.

Pipe Creek was a popular place for the Annual Conferences in the latter part of the eighteenth century and throughout part of the nineteenth. Again in 1783 the Conference was held there. One of the troublesome matters

¹ A certificate of transfer of allegiance from the British crown to the newly formed United States.

taken up this year was the problem of distilleries. They were very popular along the water courses; their product offered a compact way to market grain inasmuch as it was difficult to transport it to the eastern markets. The minutes of 1783 read: "At this great meeting a unanimous conclusion was laid down in regard to the very offensive evil which has endeavored to gain ground in the church, and by which already much mischief has been done, while brotherly counsel has been



The Pipe Creek Church

repeatedly given that distilleries (of ardent spirits) in the church . . . should be put away."

Whether a brother should take interest for money loaned was another item discussed. "It is considered that no member should take interest for his money, inasmuch (as) in the law of God it was expressly forbidden, and Christ says that the Scripture cannot be broken (John 10:35); . . . therefore we exhort again heartily and unitedly, that such members who might be involved in this point should think of better things, and have more regard and respect for their denied Lord Jesus and his truth. . . ."

The next Conference held at Pipe Creek was that of 1799. This meeting was marked by disagreements and disputes which had entered various churches. Committees were appointed and efforts were made to bring peace and harmony among the disputants.

The Conference of 1814 was also held at this place. Its minutes are rather full. Strange doctrines were creeping into the church, and there were clashes of personalities. This was the period of the War of 1812, when the young nation was struggling to outgrow its swaddling clothes, and its spirit of unrest inevitably was reflected among the Brethren.

In 1830 various ordinances of the church were discussed and attempts were made to decide what should be done under unusual circumstances.

The last Annual Meeting held at Pipe Creek was that of 1867; in reality, it falls just outside the period under consideration. In announcing this Conference and giving directions for getting to it, the documents make the first mention of the Western Maryland Railroad. Linwood, the station nearest Pipe Creek, was the place where Conference-goers got off the trains. The use of this new means of transportation presaged a new day in Annual Conference attendance and in the possible location of the gathering.

Annual Meeting was held on the Antietam in southern Pennsylvania in 1810; in Washington County, Maryland, in 1838; at the Beaver Dam church in Maryland in 1842.

There was abnormal activity in the eastern part of Frederick County, Maryland, in the spring of 1853 as the Brethren prepared to entertain the Yearly Meeting. It was to be held at the Beaver Dam church, between Johnsville and Union Bridge. The site of the Conference was in a beautiful section of Maryland, where on every side the eye finds pleasure in the vistas unrolled before it. The wooded background and the rolling farm land make it a place well worth visiting. It is only a few hundred yards from the present-day concrete road

leading from Libertytown through Johnsville to Union Bridge.

The Beaver Dam congregation, under the leadership of Elder Daniel P. Sayler, was at that time one of the largest in the East, having nearly four hundred members. There are two churches on the site today, each bearing the name *Brethren*, speaking clearly of differences of opinion in other days which resulted in division. Near by, to the east of the churches, is a large cemetery. In it there is peace among those who at times found no peace among themselves while they were alive.

When the Brethren gathered at Turkey Creek, Elkhart County, Indiana, in 1852 they considered two locations for the 1853 Conference. One was the Aughwick congregation in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. The other was Beaver Dam, whose members had invited the Annual Meeting to come to their section of the Brotherhood previous to this time. So it was decided at Turkey Creek that "our next Annual Meeting should be, God willing, on Pentecost, 1853, with our beloved brethren in [the] Beaver Dam Church, Maryland, and in as much as it has been granted our Western Brethren to have the Yearly Meeting every second year, it was agreed, that if they do not make a request, particularly urging, our dear Aughwick brethren shall have first claim for the Yearly Meeting in 1854." (Travel being exceedingly difficult in those days, there was so much isolation that the Brethren in Illinois were called the Far Western Brethren.)

The members of the Beaver Dam congregation did not wait until the last minute to make preparations to take care of those who would attend the Conference. They early gave out the names of Brethren to whom prospective Conference attenders should write. The leaders at Beaver Dam to be contacted were: Jacob Sayler or Isaac Pfoutz of Johnsville or Daniel P. Sayler of Middleburg. Brethren coming by rail were to get off the trains at Monrovia, the station nearest to Beaver Dam. Here they would be met and taken to the meeting place. Quite naturally, many of the Brethren from Pennsylvania,

Virginia, Maryland, and West Virginia (then a part of Virginia), and perhaps from as far west as Ohio, came by their own conveyances — the backs of their favorite riding horses. Doubtless some of the women rode along with their husbands. It is likely that Elder John Kline of Virginia, who, we know, was at the Conference, was one of those who tied their horses to the common hitching rack or under the trees.

Typical of the local preparations to be made as far ahead of time as possible are the following. Beeves had to be secured and men designated to prepare them as needed. Applebutter must be available. Certain women were appointed to be responsible for the bread, which had to be baked in the dome-shaped outdoor ovens. Hay and corn for the horses, along with feed boxes and racks, needed to be ready. Poles were plentiful, and a man with an ax could soon prepare these latter items, as well as the hitching racks. Nails were none too plentiful, but enough wrought-iron nails could be spared for these uses; later they could be carefully drawn out and used elsewhere.

As the Brethren were gathering at Beaver Dam there was a great national stirring, with the frontier extending farther and farther west. The rumbling of stagecoaches passing through Frederick and New Market, a few miles to the south, became a common sound. The lumbering Conestoga wagons with their belled horses and heavy loads wore ruts in the National Road, which had been built, so it was thought, to last for many years. Steam transportation was rapidly being developed and was encroaching upon the use of horse-drawn equipment. This was naturally looked upon with disfavor by the stagecoach drivers.

Problems were intruding themselves into the ranks of the Brethren. There were forty-six articles or queries thought serious enough to be brought before the assembled Brethren rather than to be threshed out in committee. While they were to our forefathers, well over a century ago, very important, as

we look back from this age we find that some of them have been minimized by the passing of time. Mistakes they certainly made, but the Brethren were placing the welfare of their beloved church above even their own pleasure and convenience. What they believed, they stood for without fear.

During this time there had sprung up in different sections of the Brotherhood periodicals which presented the views of the owners or editors rather than those of large segments of the church. This situation brought its troubles and headaches. A query of the year before regarding one of them, the *Gospel Visitor*, had been carried over. After due consideration the Brethren came to the following conclusion: "Inasmuch as the 'Visitor' is a private undertaking of its editor, we unanimously conclude that this meeting should not any further interfere with it." The growth and the history of this publication and its descendants down to the present day vindicate the wisdom of the decision.

As was frequently the case, various phases of the liquor problem came up for consideration. In those days when the liquor jug was a part of nearly every household, was especially prominent in the harvest field, and was commonly offered to visitors as part of the hospitality of the home, it brought trouble even as it does today. It was the custom to drink liquor at public sales, perhaps as a drawing card for prospective customers. The matter was discussed in the Beaver Dam Meeting. The answer of the Conference to one of the queries concerning the problem was what we would expect of a Brethren Conference, either then or today: "Considered as wrong, that it should not be so at all, nor at any other gathering." The Brethren looked upon liquor, however, as a medicine and insisted that it should not be taken in public as a mere drink: "We are of the opinion that it has the appearance of evil, and should not be indulged in, or partaken of at all, as a beverage."

The matter of drinking intoxicants seemed to play an

important part in the discussions of this Conference. This question is further illustrative of the problem: "Is a church justifiable in expelling a member for drunkenness, so long as members generally continue the custom, whereby men are made drunkards?" And the answer illustrates well the official position of the church: "Considered, as drunkenness comes directly from moderate drinking, therefore every church should keep the advice of Yearly Meeting, to use no intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and then they can consistently disown the brother."

Because of the commonness of stills — and apparently because some members of the church operated them, or at least wanted to — this question came up: "Whether it is allowed for brethren to distill fruit, or get it distilled, and sell the liquor?" The answer was "We say, No, not at all."

Even as could happen today, squabbles had arisen in two of the congregations — these being in Ohio — and the members had petitioned the Conference to send committees to help them resolve their difficulties. One of the committees appointed for this purpose was composed of Jacob Miller of Indiana and Abraham Miller, John P. Ebersole, and Elias Dickey of Ohio. The other was composed of George Shively, John Shoemaker, John P. Ebersole, John Molsbaugh, Jacob Kurtz, and Henry Davy, all of Ohio.

That our Brethren forefathers looked with a considerable degree of disfavor upon higher education was evidenced again this year. A query asked: "Is it right for a brother to go to college, or teach the same?" After serious consideration, the Conference gave this answer: "Considered, that we would deem colleges a very unsafe place for a simple follower of Christ, inasmuch as they are calculated to lead us astray from the faith and obedience to the gospel."

Other matters of varied natures and importance were considered by this Conference. Condemnation was heaped upon those teachers of the Bible who did not handle it in

a literal manner. Disapproval of Brethren attending or exhibiting at county fairs was expressed.

However, the darkest and most difficult problem to be met was that of slavery, which hung like a sword over the heads of the Brethren and other liberty-loving individuals. That this Conference was held in an area in which not everyone felt as the Brethren did is attested by the fact that in the county seat, Frederick, lived Roger Brooke Taney, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who, just four years following this Conference, wrote the Dred Scott decision. This decision divided the land as nothing else had done up to that time. In effect the decision was that the Negro was not a citizen and therefore had no right in a court of law. The church wanted to keep clear of the evils of slavery and desired that all persons "come into Christ's Kingdom." Since the questions involved were considered too important to be discussed upon the Conference floor, a committee of eight brethren was appointed to consider the matter and report as soon as possible. The members of the committee were Joseph Arnold and Benjamin Moomaw of Virginia; John Umstead, Sam Lehman, Isaac Price, and David Bosserman of Pennsylvania; and Daniel P. Sayler and Henry Koons of Maryland. This Conference upheld the traditional Brethren opposition to slavery in every form.

As the Annual Meeting of 1853 came to a close the matter of the location of the gathering for 1854 was considered. The decision follows: "It was, therefore, concluded, that the Yearly Meeting, on Pentecost, 1854, is to take place, God willing, with our beloved brethren in Ashland County, Ohio, and, if the request be repeated, the year after next with our loving brethren on Aughwick, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania."

After all had united in prayer and praise to God for His assistance granted in going "through the labors of this Yearly Meeting," they commended themselves to His care and protection. The committee of elders who signed the minutes

consisted of George Hook, Daniel Miller, and Elias Dickey, of Ohio; Benjamin Bowman and David Miller of Indiana; Joseph Emmert of Illinois; Benjamin Bowman and John Kline of Virginia; Christian Longenecker and Peter Long of Pennsylvania; Jacob Leatherman and Jacob Sayler of Maryland. The clerk was Henry Kurtz, who stated that this was "a true record."

Over one hundred years have passed — with myriads of changes in the church, the country, and the world — since the Brethren met among the rolling hills of Maryland in 1853. Many of their decisions have stood the test of time and are still considered valid. Some of their problems were too close to them and too much a part of the communities in which they lived for proper judgments to be made.

These Brethren were conscientious men who stood first and foremost upon their understanding of the Word of God. Their mistakes were of the head rather than of the heart. The church, which was still a young church, was facing problems of great magnitude in a rapidly changing national scene. There were those in attendance who likely knew Alexander Mack, Jr., the son of the organizer of the church. After the benefit of the intervening years of added experience and observation, we too take steps and make decisions which time will either underline as important or eliminate as irrelevant or erroneous. Despite their human frailties and their incessant struggle against unfriendly forces in their environment, these godly men and women did not surrender but laid solid foundations upon which we of succeeding years can build.

some annual conferences since the civil war

THE FIRST CONFERENCE held after the close of the Civil War was that of 1865, which convened at Rock River, in Lee County, Illinois. One hundred eighty-two delegates from one hundred forty congregations, representing both the South and the North, were in attendance.

Only one direct reference to the war is contained in the minutes. "How are the churches to hold and proceed with those members, who, in heart and soul, have been in sympathy with the rebellion, denouncing the government, and speaking evil of our rulers, especially of President Lincoln? As many members are unwilling to commune with such, a scriptural answer is required." The overwhelming sentiment of the Brethren was made clear in the answer to this query: "We consider such brethren as transgressors of the Word, and admonish them to make satisfactory acknowledgment to the church; and if they refuse to do so, they should be dealt with according to the gospel. (See Acts 23: 5; Rom. 13; 2 Peter 2: 10; Titus 3:1.)"

Another query asks whether it is "right for any of our ministering brethren to entertain pro-slavery principles, and preach them publicly and privately." The Conference replied that "if any brother should persist in doing so, he should be dealt with according to Matt. 18."

Provision was made at this Conference for giving relief assistance to the suffering Brethren in Virginia and Tennessee; D. P. Sayler was appointed to receive funds for this purpose.

Annual Meeting was held at the home of Jacob Price, near Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, in 1866. This one will be described in some detail because it can be taken more or less as a picture of the meetings of earlier days, supplementing the picture given of the 1853 Conference in the preceding chapter.

When it had been decided to meet in this section of the Brotherhood, a committee went to work. The committee first met in January before the Conference was to be held in May. They looked over the fields, the barn, and the house and discussed details necessary for a successful gathering. There were various meetings and organizations which functioned effectively. Today when we are cared for smoothly and efficiently by those prepared to carry this responsibility, we must realize the great effort involved in those days to do the necessary work.

Nothing was left to chance. B. Price and D. Bonebrak were instructed to secure eight thousand pounds of beef. J. F. Oller, of Waynesboro, was responsible for securing thirty-three hundred pounds of flour, two sacks of coffee, twenty-eight hundred feet of twine, twenty-four hundred feet of rope, seventeen hundred yards of muslin, nine hundred pounds of butter, one hundred gallons of applebutter, and one hundred twenty pounds of sugar. W. Shilling and J. Friedly were to secure thirteen thousand pounds of bread. D. F. Good and A. Golly were to look after the meeting tents. J. Holsinger and S. Bock had the responsibility of the cooking tent. At their meeting at the church on March 21 they completed the detailed plans. Joseph Middour was to kill the beeves, render the tallow, "put hides to tanners; deliver meat on the ground according to order; fetch cattle, all for \$5.00 per head." A. Price was given permission to sell horse feed upon the premises. Brethren and strangers were to have their feed bills presented to the committee. "Work was to be done by the poor sisters," who would be paid by the church. One J. Mong was allowed to sell pies and bread. There were

various eating tents, but no strong drinks were allowed on the grounds. There were various other concessions, because this Conference attracted people by the thousands and it was necessary to care for all their needs there on the grounds.

The large tent, one hundred ninety by ninety feet, was erected on May 4. The committee met on May 7 to perfect the final arrangements. Flour was bought for eleven dollars a barrel, the unused quantity to be returned. Applebutter, brought in crocks, was judged for quality by specially appointed persons. Doorkeepers, managers, waiters, and cooks were designated.

Among the men whose names are mentioned in the records are ancestors of numerous people who now live in or near Waynesboro. Henry A. Good, the father of Henry W. Good of Waynesboro, was present at that Conference. At the time he was sixteen years old — just the right age to take note of everything. He often told of that notable day when Andrew Curtin, the Civil War governor of Pennsylvania, was present. The governor was interested in the Conference, and the people were interested in the governor. He ate in the dining tent, sat in on the business sessions and congratulated the Brethren on the manner in which they conducted them, mixed well with the Brethren, and was complimentary concerning their sociability and their friendliness. However, knowing the make-up of the Brethren of that day one finds it difficult to think that they permitted any significant changes to be made in their Conference just because a governor was their guest.

When Henry W. Good was a boy, the Old Order Brethren held their Annual Meeting on his father's farm in 1907. He well remembers the crowds, the excitement, the fellowship, and the fact that a twelve-acre field was set aside for staking out the horses. Posts were placed at intervals so that a maximum number of horses could be accommodated. Every farm boy of a generation or two ago will have no difficulty in

picturing the stamping and the neighing of strange horses, which, like their owners, did not always get along well together.

After the divisions of 1882-83, the Old Order Brethren kept in the main the same methods of holding their Annual Meetings. The author well recalls being in attendance at one of them, held in May 1931 on a farm just south of Peru,



Annual Conference Grounds, Ashland, Ohio, 1881

Indiana. To him it seemed like a gathering which could in many ways be placed in another and earlier century. The people came by the thousands. This being the day of the automobile, there were not as many horses staked out on the grounds as there had been in former times. There were concessions to care for the needs of the people.

Tents were used to house the sessions of the Meeting and to accommodate the dining facilities and the concessions. The Old Order Brethren owned a large assembly tent, which was shipped from district to district as needed. Some of the Ringling Brothers Circus tents were rented and erected by the circus crew from Peru. Large iron kettles were used for the

boiling of the beef, which was stirred with pitch forks as it cooked over the open fires. Crock after crock of applebutter of the finest quality was brought. Vast stacks of delicious bread were at hand. Not only members of the church, but also the visitors, ate in the large dining tent. While there was not much variety in the food, it was in plentiful supply and of the best quality.

Members of the church had come from all sections of the country in which there were congregations of the Old Order Brethren. All were dressed after the approved manner. Bright-eyed, apple-cheeked young men who were growing beards so that they might be "in the order" were there. So also were the plainly dressed young women. Neither group confined its attention wholly to the proceedings of the Meeting. Many children, dressed like their elders to a large extent, were there too, adding the family touch that is a valued characteristic of the Brethren Annual Conference.

The business meetings were conducted fairly and fearlessly. It seemed that no one held back in the expression of his thinking on the various subjects under consideration.

Inasmuch as this Old Order Annual Meeting was held in May, at a time when corn and other crops were usually planted, the Brethren saw to it that the brother who offered his farm as the site of the Meeting did not suffer by having his spring planting delayed. The tents were no sooner down than the Brethren neighbors gathered with tractors, plows, harrows, corn planters, and whatever other machinery was needed to plant the crops. In a very short time there were few remaining indications that, just a few days before this, large tents had stood there and thousands of people had been there.

Here in Indiana — as has always been and yet is true of the Annual Meetings of all branches of the Brethren fellowship — this was a time of fraternal association. This was the only time during the year, or during a period of

years, when some of these widely scattered people could see one another. Again we think of Elder John Kline of Virginia as a typical Conferencegoer, and we can readily imagine the anticipation with which he slowly made his way on the back of Old Nell to meet the Brethren at Conference. Also we can understand the happiness of heart with which he made his way home following the Annual Meeting. While the Conferences are primarily for the transaction of the church's business, the Christian fellowship which they provide is one of their greatest values. We can well believe that our Brethren forebears, many of whom lived in utter or relative isolation from most of their fellow Brethren, no sooner reached their homes than they began to look forward to the gathering of the next year.

In those times long since gone by, the Brethren traveled in what now seem to us the hardest possible ways — on foot, by horseback, by carriage, and, somewhat later, by stagecoach or primitive train — to attend their Yearly Meetings. What would these Brethren who were at the Conference of 1778 at Pipe Creek have thought if some imaginative spirit had said that in the distant future the members of the church would travel over hard roads at great speeds in horseless vehicles or through the air on wings at still higher speeds to reach the places of meeting? It is quite likely that they would have concluded that to say the least he was "a little queer"!

Through the years since 1778, Annual Conferences have come and passed into history. And, please God, many more will come and pass. Methods of travel to and from them will continue to change. In some of their outward expressions, the ways of holding them will change in the years ahead, even as they have done in the years that are past. But it may sincerely be hoped that those who attend them will be motivated, as were their ancestors, by the desire for Christian fellowship and for the advancement of the Kingdom of our God.

Boyhood days of a pioneer

WHILE MANY OF THE CHAPTERS of this book are concerned with adults and their work, it may be doing them an injustice to separate their home life of childhood years sharply from the accomplishments of their mature years. Their homes provided their basic training and many of their major motivations, frequently giving them the spiritual emphases and foundations upon which they built. In them they learned the necessity of hard work, some of which doubtless seemed at the time to be excessive — and perhaps actually was. It has been facetiously said that Adam was the only man who ever lived who never talked about the difficulties of his boyhood and the hard work he had to do. The advancement into adulthood oftentimes makes one's childhood stand out in clear perspective, in which the remembered difficulties of earlier days are seen to have been a valuable training for the tasks of adult life. There may even come the time, when the problems of life are weighing heavily upon him, that his childhood experiences become overglamorized memories.

Daniel Long Miller, affectionately known to many simply as D. L., came from a line of hard workers. Just when his family came to America is not known, but it was prior to the Revolutionary War. As did many of the German immigrants, they settled first in Pennsylvania, finally moving on down through the valleys until they came to Washington County, Maryland. Here in the beautiful Cumberland Valley they farmed and prospered. Few of them had more than the

barest educational advantages; and in this they were like most of their neighbors. Yet in spite of this lack of formal education they were men whose opinions and judgments were respected and sought after. Among them were numerous deacons and preachers, most of them Brethren.

The son of Abraham and Catherine Long Miller, Daniel was born on October 5, 1841, near the straggling village of Hagerstown. His mother was a daughter of Daniel Long, a prosperous farmer and a deacon in the Brethren Church. His father had been a farmer until the time of his marriage, but at the time of Daniel's birth he, with his brothers, was operating a flour mill on the Conococheague Creek in addition to doing some farming.

Housing being scarce at the time, Abraham and Catherine and their family lived in the basement of the mill. The rushing of the water and the creaking of the mill wheel provided the music to lull Daniel to sleep. Many years later, when Daniel was visiting boyhood scenes, he found that the room in which he had been born was being used as a pigpen; nevertheless, in his thinking it always remained a hallowed place.

When Daniel was still young, his father built a large brick house near the mill and moved his growing family into it. Subsequent years proved that there was no mistake made in building a *large* house, for thirteen children came into the home. This house was not only the home of the Miller family, but at times it was also the shared center of the community life.

Abraham Miller was not just a prosperous man; he was also forward looking, holding many ideas somewhat in advance of those commonly held at the time. His progressive attitude was a helpful influence on the lives of his children. This is illustrated by a conversation of three of his sons — Daniel, Frank, and George — many years later. All aged and gray-haired men, they fell to talking about their father one day.

Said George: "Things have changed since Father's

time. I wonder what he would say could he be here now — automobiles, airplanes, farm machinery, telephones.”

“He would have had them,” declared Frank. “He had the first reaper in our neighborhood.”

“That’s right,” agreed George. “Father always believed in keeping up with the times.”



Birthplace of D. L. Miller

Abraham Miller was a thrifty, hard-working man, yet he was very generous in his dealing with others. There was no short weight in the grist taken home from the mill by his customers. A man not given to excessive conversation, he was also rather stern. He disciplined himself as well as his children, expecting them to do their share of the work. Even though he was exacting, the children respected him, and, in obeying his will, were the better for it. Abraham was a deacon in the church and took a very active part in its work. In his later days he spent much of his time reading his favorite book, the Bible. In appearance he was tall and thin with dark eyes and strong features which immediately commanded attention. He was a man of numerous skills, among which was the natural

art of healing. Though not trained or licensed to practice medicine, nevertheless he was able to bring relief to many who came to receive help for their aches and pains.

The picture of the Miller family would be one-sided without a statement about the companion of Abraham. Catherine Long Miller was one of those God-given mothers who ruled by love. Her boys and her one daughter could literally call her blessed. Not only mothering her own large family, she also shared in the lives of those around her. In times of trouble, it was "Aunt Katie" who was called. When fever burned and delirium-tossed children brought clouds of anxiety to the homes in the community, it was the same Aunt Katie who seemed to know just what to do. Her contribution to the lives of those with whom she came in contact was so great that it is said that for many years after her death her influence still guided them in an unusual manner. Truly, the good which she did followed after her, and many called her blessed. D. L. often spoke of his sainted mother.

At the age of five D. L. started to school. School days were limited at that time, the sessions usually being held at periods when there was the least work for the children to do at home. Concerning D. L.'s experiences we quote from page 16 of *Life of D. L. Miller*, by Bess Royer Bates: "The school house where D. L. attended was made of logs. The seats were of slabs, built too high for the little fellows' feet to touch the floor. So they sat with feet dangling tiresomely through the day. There were from forty to sixty pupils in the school. Each pupil paid the teacher two dollars a term. Thus he received his salary and in turn taught the pupils to read, write and figure. Some teachers were competent; others were lazy. D. L. remembers one who slept during school hours and another who got drunk. But some taught the squirming youngsters conscientiously, and D. L. fell in love with these, for he liked his books."

He had learned to read before he started to school, a

circumstance which made his schoolwork much easier than it would otherwise have been. In fact, his advance was so rapid and his promotions so frequent that resentment was aroused among some of the older but slower pupils.

D. L.'s boyhood was in the main a normal one, characterized by some of the pranks and mischief common to boyhood. We mention one such incident which he never forgot. He, with four of his school companions, caught a frog and prepared it for the frying pan. This was done in a none-too-humane way. The incident being reported to the teacher, he placed the boys on a slab seat in front of him. Taking his knife from his pocket, he proceeded to sharpen it on a whetstone, at the same time telling the boys of the suffering which the frog had experienced. Each boy was assured in his own mind that he, like the frog, was going to lose a leg or two. Each had been asked to roll his trouser legs above his knees, presumably to make the operation more convenient and successful. D. L. later said, "There was weeping and mourning in concert. When the exhibition was over, and we escaped with our legs, we were a happy lot. I learned a lesson which I never forgot. Teachers used the rod in those days freely, but the rod never gave me a lesson as did the teacher with his knife and whetstone."

At the age of twelve, D. L. hired out to Philip Hammond for two and a half dollars per month. He worked for seven months and was homesick much of the time. Yet he was a faithful worker, and knowledge of his faithfulness spread throughout the community. The next year he hired out to Jacob Sword for the increased wage of four and a half dollars per month. The year following that he worked for Jacob Funk, a deacon in the church. One of his tasks was to ride Old Fan to Hagerstown, carrying the splint basket filled with butter. Apparently there has always been hostility on the part of the city boy toward the country boy, and the Hagerstown boys were no exception. They would wait along the village streets

and throw stones at the young huckster. Finally this situation reached the stage at which D. L. felt that something had to be done. So one day he dismounted, not at all despairing because there were six or eight boys. He settled the whole score at once and left the field, the victor in the battle.

From 1857 to 1859, D. L. worked around the home farm and at the mill. Every task to be found around the mill was given a trial by the growing boy. Among them was the dressing of the millstones, which, because of constant wear, had to have grooves recarved upon their faces by a chisel in the hands of the operator. Often in the dressing process pieces of steel would fly off to enter the hands of the worker. D. L. carried some of these with him the rest of his life.

D. L. was something of a disappointment to his father in that he did not like the farm. His mind was upon books and the riches they contained. He spent all his spare time reading, and was told that because of this desire he would never amount to anything. Books were scarce in the home library, which consisted mainly of the Bible, a hymnbook, and a history of the world. Later his mother gave him a copy of each *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Books were carried with him to the fields and every resting moment found him reading. There were times when he forgot to go back to work, and then his father's wrath was visited upon him. At the mill, he liked to lie upon his stomach on the flour barrels, reading.

Of his boyhood ambitions he said: "When I was a lad, I rode horse back to Hagerstown twice a week for my father's mail. That was before there was a railway to Hagerstown. The mail was brought from Frederick on a four horse stage. I used to watch the stage driver, seated upon the upper seat, as he brought the horses to a gallop entering the town, and felt that he was a great man. My earliest ambition was to be a stage driver. One of my acquaintances occupied this elevated position and I longed to imitate him. Forty years later I met him in Maryland, driving a poor horse [hitched to]

a small wagon, carrying mail from one office to another, and I had a talk with him. I was glad that I never realized my ambition."

At the age of twelve, D. L. was converted. But in those days, in the strict Brethren homes, conversions of children were frowned upon by the parents. He related that this happened the first time he went away from home. He slept alone in a loft at the home of Philip Hammond. Concerning his conversion we have his own words: "Here alone with God, I felt the awakening of my soul. All through the years I prayed before going to sleep, but here in the old loft, in the dark night, I felt a call to give my heart to Him, and I did so. I am sure of this." However, it was not until he was a young man that he openly confessed his faith in Christ, and, following his baptism, united with the church of his fathers. His baptism, which took place on February 22, 1863, in the Conococheague Creek, was administered by Elder David Miller. Of this experience D. L. later said, "The sun never shone brighter, and the birds never sang sweeter than that day as I went home." He then became a member of the church located on the Broadfording Creek, not far from Hagerstown.

Thus did Daniel Long Miller grow into manhood years of wide and varied usefulness. His achievements and his honors were numerous. His travels were extensive, consisting in part of seven trips abroad, five of which included Palestine and two of which took him around the world. He was either the author or the compiler of twelve books. An honored preacher, lecturer, writer, and editor, he was a rich storehouse of information and a wise counselor. His impact upon the Brethren was influential in turning their thoughts away from their somewhat restricted interests and focusing them upon the wider outreaches of world responsibility. No pioneer in the traditional meaning of the term, he was nonetheless a pioneer — leading out onto the frontiers of the mind and the spirit.

a musician's contribution

THERE WAS MUCH PLANNING and extra activity in the Arthur Duncan home in the Oak Hill section of West Virginia. Clothes had to be mended and some new ones had to be bought. Details not normally given much attention now became of the uppermost importance. An advanced step was to be taken in that autumn of 1890. The two oldest boys of the family were planning to leave home. They were going far away — for those days — to the smiling Valley of Virginia, to Bridgewater, where there was a young Brethren college. At that time boys were very fortunate to receive even a high school education, and to go to college was a notable achievement.

Knowing mothers, one can assume that there were days of cooking special foods. There is a strong possibility that when the family was not around, the mother's face lengthened and perhaps tears glistened upon the worn cheeks. Time hastened on and then came the sad day when the mother said good-bye to Will and Samuel. They must have seemed to her to be very young to be going so far away. Samuel, the younger, was just a little over nineteen.

It is unlikely that the tears could be held back by any of the family as the father mounted his horse and took his place alongside his strong sons, who were riding two other horses. They had their saddlebags, in which were their limited possessions. The three were to ride to the river town of Thurmond, where the boys would take the Chesapeake and

Ohio train for the Shenandoah Valley. By the highway it was about ten miles from Oak Hill to Thurmond. They had often walked those miles and thought nothing special of it, but today there was baggage to be handled. The father was to lead the horses back home after taking leave of his sons.

The Duncans were a musical family. Both the father and the mother were singers, and their five boys — Will, Samuel, John, Harry, and James — and their daughter, Sallie, inherited musical ability. Therefore it was quite natural that the main desire of the parents was that their children might secure a musical education.

Samuel had been born on Blake Hill. In their earlier years, he and Will had traveled extensively for boys of their day. Soon after Samuel's birth, the Duncans had moved to the Crooked Run community. Then, listening to the call of the West, they had sold most of their earthly possessions, loaded the remaining goods on a wagon, and started for Kansas. Samuel was just three years of age as they drove day after day toward this land of the setting sun.

After some time in eastern Kansas, the father became a victim of the ague. Hoping that a change of climate and a higher elevation would result in a cure, they left Kansas and went farther west, settling near Leadville, Colorado. Much to their disappointment, there was no improvement in his health. Visiting a local physician, Mr. Duncan was advised to return to his mountaintop in Fayette County, West Virginia. Since he was unable to work, or even to drive, Mrs. Duncan hitched up the span of white mules, took up the reins, and started with her family on the long journey to the familiar mountains of West Virginia. She had to drive all the way. They camped at night and carefully husbanded their limited possessions. Day after day of slow progress finally resulted in their getting back home.

In their West Virginia homeland once again, they took

up residence on Meadow Fork. Here they lived one year. Then, selling out, Mr. Duncan bought a farm outside the small village of Oak Hill to the eastward. Little did the family realize then that the straggling village on a mud road would expand to such an extent that in 1923 the farm would be divided into building lots and considerable profit would be netted from the investment. This land today, mainly covered by modern houses and places of business, is to the casual observer merely a part of the growing city. Here Mr. Duncan farmed, finally moving into the city where he lived until his death.

The boys knew when they left home that autumn day to go to Bridgewater that they would not be able to return to the family fireside until the summer of the next year. When Will returned to Oak Hill after one year at the college, to be married, he opened up a general store, which he operated for over thirty years. Samuel returned to Bridgewater for another year and then another. He was intensely interested in his music and applied himself faithfully to it. He wrote music in addition to sharing his talents in singing.

At that time Professor George B. Holsinger, a member of the Bridgewater faculty, was busily engaged in teaching music, singing, preparing hymnbooks, and making musical contributions in general. Samuel Duncan was working with him on one of his songbooks.

This was the day of the noted preacher and song writer, Elisha A. Hoffman. He had never studied music, but he seemed to have a God-given talent for it. He wrote over two thousand poems and also the music for many of them. Among his poems was one entitled "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Samuel Duncan had written the music for three songs which were to be included in the hymnbook that Professor Holsinger was editing. They were: "I'm Thinking of a Brighter Home," "I Have Something I Would Tell You," and

"For the Coming of the Kingdom the Disciples Learned to Pray." When A. J. Showalter, who was also connected with the music department of the college, did not get the promised tune prepared for Hoffman's "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," Duncan agreed to provide a tune for it. Years later, he said to the author concerning it: "I wrote just a plain, simple tune and it happened to make a hit, because it was wonderful words. When you have wonderful words a plain tune is better.



Samuel Duncan

We didn't get it ready in time for our new book but it soon found its way into other books. I do not know whether A. J. Showalter knew that I wrote the music. Don't remember seeing him afterwards. We were busy getting the book published and didn't think or care about it. I was not even thanked for writing the music for the poem." Showalter is credited with writing this tune. It has been printed in nearly five hundred gospel song books. Samuel Duncan was just

twenty-one years old when he wrote this music, which has been an inspiration to many.

"I taught music classes during vacation in Fayette and adjoining counties," Mr. Duncan told the author. "After I quit school I was called to Maryland and taught at Union Bridge, New Windsor, and Linwood. Then my oldest brother, Will, wanted me to work for him in his store and I was sidetracked from what I was aiming to do except I sang for numerous churches. I trained choirs and sang for revival meetings."

Duncan had attended West Virginia University in 1894 and 1896. It was here that an oculist fitted him with glasses enclosed in gold frames. When he returned home, the wearing of these glasses caused him to be expelled from the Chestnut Grove church. This incident resulted in the organizing of the Oak Hill Progressive Brethren church by his father.

The Reverend Shirley Donnelly, a minister at Oak Hill, a long-time acquaintance of the author and a historian of note, wrote to him: "Last summer [1957], West Virginia University honored me by asking me to present my special field at the university. I chose to present my Fayette County collection. This included the Duncan story of the hymn, alongside the handwritten copy of the music in his own handwriting. . . . This beloved hymn is the theme for 'Night of the Hunter,' quite a distinction."

During the seven years the author was the pastor of the Oak Hill Brethren church, the music of the Duncans was frequently enjoyed. The old-time method of *do, re, me, fa* was used. The Duncan quartet was so famous, and sang together so many years, that there were those who felt that one was not properly buried unless the Duncan brothers sang at the funeral. There may be readers who heard them sing over the air from New York City in 1957 while Dr. Harry Duncan was on the Category of Religion program.

Samuel Duncan shared his talents with churches of all denominations, many times without any recompense except a great love of music and of sharing it with other music lovers. Coming back to Oak Hill following his teaching in various states, he entered the music business. He tuned and repaired pianos, and could produce from them music which was the envy of many persons who were years younger than he was. For a time he lived in Mt. Hope, where he had a music store. At the age of eighty-seven he had a forward look and remarked when interviewed, "I am thinking of enlarging my home and displaying pianos here in Oak Hill." He knew the secret of not growing old in thought and attitudes.

Mr. Duncan was a man who did not boast of his talents. He shared them and modestly permitted the world to find out about them from someone else. It appears to the author that it is imperative that belated recognition be given to this consecrated servant of the Lord who wrote the tune of a hymn which has been an inspiration to countless souls.

In speaking in the Oak Hill church the writer asked just one favor — that of hearing Mr. Duncan lead in the singing of "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms." It was a thrill to hear him explain the course of the music, which terminates in the vigorous expression of the goal of the Christian, the privilege of leaning on those everlasting arms. His voice was good and his eyes gleamed as he led in the singing of this beloved old hymn.

As far as houses, land, and bonds were concerned, they passed up Samuel Duncan. But there were the rewards of memories and satisfactions that could not be placed in safety deposit boxes. Over a long and useful life there was the thought of the joy brought to untold numbers who had been thrilled, whose faith had been lifted, and who had been given a new outlook on life because of the music of the hymn. What is there among life's material possessions that can compare

with that? The world is richer because of the contribution of one who for the greater part of a century leaned upon those strong and unfailing arms.

The shadows slowly engulfed his feet, weakness and pain came to his body, and in September 1960, when he was long past his eighty-ninth year, the spirit of Samuel Duncan passed into the eternal world where it must have been met by those everlasting arms to which he had for many years lifted his talented voice in confident song.

SIDELIGHTS ON BRETHREN HISTORY

ANKUMI

